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Durward. Vol. II.

THE
W O R K S

OF

WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

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1824.





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O  
WALTER  
HARVEY  
1881



# QUENTIN DURWARD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY.

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*La guerre est ma patrie,  
Mon harnois ma maison,  
Et en toute saison  
Combattre c'est ma vie.*

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IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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ZWICKAU,

PRINTED FOR BROTHERS SCHUMANN.

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# QUESTIONS DURING

BY THE ACTION OF NATURE

IN THE  
THESE QUESTIONS  
IN THE  
QUESTIONS

IN FOUR VOLUMES

Vol. II

N. WICKES

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR

1824



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# QUENTIN DURWARD.

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## CHAPTER IX.

### THE BOAR-HUNT.

*I will converse with unrespective boys  
And iron-witted fools. None are for me  
That look into me with suspicious eyes.*

*King Richard.*

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ALL the experience which the Cardinal had been able to collect of his master's disposition, did not, upon the present occasion, prevent his falling into a great error of policy. His vanity induced him to think that he had been more successful in prevailing upon the Count of Crevecœur to remain at Tours, than any other



moderator whom the King might have employed, would, in all probability, have been. And as he was well aware of the importance which Louis attached to the postponement of a war with the Duke of Burgundy, he could not help shewing that he conceived himself to have rendered the King great and acceptable service. He pressed nearer to the King's person than he was wont to do, and endeavoured to engage him in conversation on the events of the morning.

This was injudicious in more respects than one, for princes love not to see their subjects approach them with an air conscious of deserving, and thereby seeming desirous to extort acknowledgment and recompense of their services; and Louis, the most jealous monarch that ever lived, was peculiarly averse and inaccessible to any one who seemed either to presume upon service rendered, or to pry into his secrets.

Yet, hurried away, as the most cautious sometimes are, by the self-satisfied humour of the moment, the Cardinal continued to ride on the King's right hand, turning the discourse, whenever it was possible, upon Crevecœur and his embassy; which, although it might be the matter at that moment most in the King's thoughts, was nevertheless precisely that which he was least willing to converse on. At length Louis who had listened to him with attention, yet with



out having returned any answer which could tend to prolong the conversation, signed to Dunois, who rode at no great distance, to come up on the other side of his horse.

“We came hither for sport and exercise,” said he, “but the reverend Father here would have us hold a council of state.”

“I hope your Highness will excuse my assistance,” said Dunois; “I am born to fight the battles of France, and have heart and hand for that, but I have no head for her councils.”

“My Lord Cardinal hath a head turned for nothing else, Dunois; he hath confessed Creve-cœur at the Castle-gate, and he hath communicated to us his whole shrift — Said you not the *whole*?” he continued, with an emphasis on the word, and a glance at the Cardinal, which shot from betwixt his long dark eye-lashes, as a dagger gleams when it leaves the scabbard.

The Cardinal trembled, as, endeavouring to reply to the King’s jest, he said, “That though his order was obliged to conceal the secrets of their penitents in general, there was no *sigillum confessionis*, which could not be melted at his Majesty’s breath.”

“And as his Eminence,” said the King, “is ready to communicate the secrets of others to us, he naturally expects that we should be equally communicative to him; and, in order to get



upon this reciprocal footing, he is very reasonably desirous to know if these two ladies of Croye be actually in our territories. We are sorry we cannot indulge his curiosity, not ourselves knowing in what precise place errant damsels, disguised princesses, distressed countesses, may lie leaguer within our dominions, which are, we thank God and our Lady of Embrun, rather too extensive, for us to answer easily his Eminence's most reasonable enquiries. — But supposing they were with us, what say you, Dunois, to our cousin's peremptory demand?"

"I will answer you, my Lord, if you will tell me in sincerity, whether you want war or peace," replied Dunois, with a frankness which, while it arose out of his own native openness and intrepidity of character, made him from time to time a considerable favourite with Louis, who, like all astucious persons, was as desirous of looking into the hearts of others as of concealing his own.

"By my halidome," said he, "I should be as well contented as thyself, Dunois, to tell thee my purpose, did I myself but know it exactly. But say I declared for war, what should I do with this beautiful and wealthy young heiress, supposing her to be in my dominions?"

"Bestow her in marriage on one of your own gallant followers, who has a heart to love and an arm to protect her," said Dunois.



“Upon thyself, ha!” said the King. “*Pasques-dieu!* thou art more politic than I took thee for, with all thy bluntness.”

“Nay, Sire, I am aught except politic. By our Lady of Orleans, I come to the point at once, as I ride my horse at the ring. Your Majesty owes the house of Orleans at least one happy marriage.”

“And I will pay it, Count. *Pasques-dieu*, I will pay it! — See you not yonder fair couple?”

The King pointed to the unhappy Duke of Orleans and the Princess, who, neither daring to remain at a greater distance from the King, nor in his sight appear separate from each other, were riding side by side, yet with an interval of two or three yards betwixt them, a space which timidity on the one side, and aversion on the other, prevented them from diminishing, while neither dared to increase it.

Dunois looked in the direction of the King's signal, and as the situation of his unfortunate relative and the destined bride reminded him of nothing so much as of two dogs, which, forcibly linked together, remain nevertheless as widely separated as the length of their collars will permit, he could not help shaking his head, though he ventured not on any other reply to the hypocritical tyrant. Louis seemed to guess his thoughts.

“It will be a peaceful and quiet household they will keep — not much disturbed with child-



ren, I should augur. But these are not always a blessing."

It was, perhaps, the recollection of his own filial ingratitude that made the King pause as he made the last reflection, and which converted the sneer which trembled on his lip into something resembling an expression of contrition. But he instantly proceeded in another tone.

"Frankly, my Dunois, much as I revere the holy sacrament of matrimony (here he crossed himself), I would rather the house of Orleans raised for me such gallant soldiers as thy father and thyself, who share the blood-royal of France without claiming its rights, than that the country should be rent to pieces, as England, by wars by the rivalry of legitimate candidates for the crown. The lion should never have more than one cub."

Dunois sighed and was silent, conscious that contradicting his arbitrary Sovereign might well hurt his kinsman's interests, but could do him no service; yet he could not forbear adding, in the next moment.

"Since your Majesty has alluded to the birth of my father, I must needs own, that, setting the frailty of his parents on one side, he might be termed happier, and more fortunate, as the son of lawless love, than of conjugal hatred."

"Thou art a scandalous fellow, Dunois, to



speak thus of holy wedlock. But to the devil  
 with the discourse, for the boar is unharboured.—  
 Lay on the dogs, in the name of the holy Saint  
 Hubert! — Ha! ha! tra-la-la-lira-la!” — And the  
 King's horn rung merrily through the woods as  
 he pushed forward on the chase, followed by  
 two or three of his guards, amongst whom was  
 our friend Quentin Durward. And here it was  
 remarkable that, even in the keen prosecution of  
 his favourite sport, the King, in indulgence of his  
 caustic disposition, found leisure to amuse him-  
 self by tormenting Cardinal Balue.

It was one of that able statesman's weaknesses,  
 as we have elsewhere hinted, to suppose himself,  
 though of low rank and limited education, quali-  
 fied to play the courtier and the man of gallantry.  
 He did not, indeed, actually enter the lists like  
 Becket, or levy soldiers like Wolsey. But gallant-  
 ry, in which they also were proficient, was his pro-  
 fessed pursuit; and he likewise affected great fond-  
 ness for the martial amusement of the chase. But,  
 however well he might succeed with certain ladies,  
 to whom his power, his wealth, and his influence  
 as a statesman, might atone for deficiencies in ap-  
 pearance and manners, the gallant horses, which  
 he purchased at almost any price, were totally in-  
 sensible to the dignity of carrying a Cardinal, and  
 paid no more respect to him than they would  
 have done to his father the tailor, whom he ri-



valled in horsemanship. The King knew this, and, by alternately exciting and checking his own horse, he brought that of the Cardinal, whom he kept close by his side, into such a state of mutiny against his rider, that it became apparent they must soon part company; and then, in the midst of its starting, bolting, rearing, and lashing out, alternately, the royal tormentor rendered the rider miserable, by questioning him upon many affairs of importance, and hinting his purpose to take that opportunity of communicating to him some of those secrets of state, which the Cardinal had but a little while before seemed so anxious to learn.

A more awkward situation could hardly be imagined, than that of a privy-councillor forced to listen to and reply to his Sovereign, while each fresh gambade of his unmanageable horse placed him in a new and more precarious attitude — his violet robe flying loose in every direction, and nothing securing him from an instant and perilous fall, save the depth of the saddle, and its height before and behind. Dunois laughed without restraint; while the King, who had a private mode of enjoying his jest inwardly, without laughing aloud, mildly rebuked his minister on his eager passion for the chase, which would not permit him to dedicate a few moments to business. "I will no longer be your hinderance," continued he, ad-



dressing the terrified Cardinal, and giving his own horse the rein at the same time.

Before Balue could utter a word by way of answer or apology, his horse, seizing the bit with his teeth, went forth at an uncontrollable gallop, soon leaving behind the King and Dunois, who followed at a more regulated pace, enjoying the statesman's distressed predicament. If any of our readers has chanced to be run away with in his time, (as we ourselves have in ours,) he will have a full sense at once of the pain, peril, and absurdity of the situation. These four legs of the quadruped, which, noway under the rider's controul, nor sometimes under that of the creature they more properly belong to, fly at such a rate as if the hindmost meant to overtake the foremost — those clinging legs of the biped which we so often wish safely planted on the green sward, but which now only augment our distress by pressing the animal's sides — the hands which have forsaken the bridle for the mane — the body which, instead of sitting upright on the centre of gravity, as old Angelo used to recommend, or stooping forward like a jockey at Newmarket, lies, rather than hangs, crouched upon the back of the animal, with no better chance of saving itself than a sack of corn, — combine to make a picture more than sufficiently ludicrous to spectators, however uncomfortable to the exhibiter. But add



to this some singularity of dress or appearance on the part of the unhappy cavalier — a robe of office, a splendid uniform, or any other peculiarity of costume, — and let the scene of action be a race-course, a review, a procession, or any other place of concourse and public display, and if the poor wight would escape being the object of a shout of inextinguishable laughter, he must contrive to break a limb or two, or, which will be more effectual, to be killed on the spot; for on no slighter condition will his fall excite any thing like serious sympathy. On the present occasion, the short violet-coloured gown of the Cardinal, which he used as a riding dress, (having changed his long robes before he left the Castle,) his scarlet stockings, and scarlet hat, with the long strings hanging down, together with his utter helplessness, gave infinite zest to his exhibition of horsemanship.

The horse, having taken matters entirely into his own hand, flew rather than galloped up a long green avenue, overtook the pack in hard pursuit of the boar, and then, having overturned one or two yeomen prickers, who little expected to be charged in the rear, — having ridden down several dogs, and greatly confused the chase, — animated by the clamours and threats of the huntsman, carried the terrified Cardinal past the formidable animal itself, which was rushing on at a speedy



trot, furious and embossed with the foam which he churned around his tusks. Balue, on beholding himself so near the boar, set up a dreadful cry for help, which, or perhaps the sight of the boar, produced such an effect on his horse, that the animal interrupted its headlong career by suddenly springing to one side; so that the Cardinal, who had long only kept his seat because the motion was straight forward, now fell heavily to the ground. The conclusion of Balue's chase took place so near the boar, that, had not the animal been at that moment too much engaged about his own affairs, the vicinity might have proved as fatal to the Cardinal, as it is said to have done to Favila, King of the Visigoths, in Spain. He got off, however, for the fright, and crawling as hastily as he could out of the way of hounds and huntsmen, saw the whole chase sweep by him without affording him assistance; for hunters in those days were as little moved by sympathy for such misfortunes as they are in our own.

The King, as he passed, said to Dunois, "Yonder lies his Eminence low enough — he is no great huntsman, though for a fisher (when a secret is to be caught,) he may match Saint Peter himself. He has, however, for once, I think, met with his match."

The Cardinal did not hear the words, but the scornful look with which they were spoken led



him to suspect their general import. The devil is said to seize such opportunities of temptation as was now afforded by the passions of Balue, bitterly moved as they had been by the scorn of the King. The momentary fright was over so soon as he had assured himself that his fall was harmless; but mortified vanity, and resentment against his Sovereign, had a much longer influence on his feelings.

After all the chase had passed him, a single cavalier, who seemed rather to be a spectator than a partaker of the sport, rode up with one or two attendants, and expressed no small surprise to find the Cardinal there upon foot, without a horse or attendants, and in such a plight as plainly shewed the nature of the accident which had there placed him. To dismount, and offer his assistance in this predicament, — to cause one of his attendants resign a staid and quiet palfrey for the Cardinal's use — to express his surprise at the customs of the French Court, which thus permitted them to abandon to the dangers of the chase, and forsake in his need, their wisest statesman, were the natural modes of assistance and consolation which so strange a rencontre supplied to Crevecœur; for it was the Burgundian ambassador who came to the assistance of the fallen Cardinal.

He found him in a lucky time and humour for



essaying some of those practices on his fidelity, to which it is well known that Balue had the criminal weakness to listen. Already in the morning, as the jealous temper of Louis had suggested, more had passed betwixt them than the Cardinal durst have reported to his master. But although he had listened with gratified ears to the high value, which, he was assured by Crevecœur, the Duke of Burgundy placed upon his person and talents, and not without a feeling of temptation, when the Count hinted at the munificence of his master's disposition, and the rich benefices of Flanders, it was not until the accident, as we have related, had highly irritated him, that, stung with wounded vanity, he resolved, in a fatal hour, to shew, that no enemy can be so dangerous as an offended friend and confidant.

On the present occasion, he hastily requested Crevecœur to separate from him, lest they should be observed, but appointed him a meeting for the evening in the Abbey of Saint Martin's at Tours, after vesper service; and that in a tone which assured the Burgundian that his master had obtained an advantage hardly to have been hoped for.

In the meanwhile, Louis, who though the most politic Prince of his time, upon this, as on other occasions, suffered his passions to interfere with his art, followed contentedly the chase of the



wild boar, which was now come to an interesting point. It had so happened that a sounder (*i. e.* in the language of the period, a boar of only two years old,) had crossed the track of the proper object of the chase, and withdrawn in pursuit of him all the dogs, (saving two or three couple of old staunch hounds,) and the greater part of the huntsmen. The King saw, with internal glee, Dunois, as well as others, follow upon this false scent, and enjoyed in secret the thought of triumphing over that accomplished knight, in the art of *venerie*, which was then thought almost as glorious as war. Louis was well mounted, and followed close on the hounds; so that, when the boar turned to bay in a marshy piece of ground, there was no one near him but the King himself.

Louis shewed all the bravery and expertness of an experienced huntsman; for, unheeding the danger, he rode up to the tremendous animal, which was defending itself with fury against the dogs, and struck him with his boar-spear; yet as the horse shyed from the boar, the blow was not so effectual as either to kill or disable him. No effort could prevail on the horse to charge a second time; so that the King, dismounting, advanced on foot against the furious animal, holding naked in his hand one of those short, sharp, straight, and pointed swords, which huntsmen used for such encounters. The boar instantly quitted



the dogs to rush on his human enemy, while the King, taking his station, and posting himself firmly, presented the sword, with the purpose of aiming it at the boar's throat, or rather chest, within the collar-bone; in which case, the weight of the beast, and the impetuosity of his career, would have served to accelerate his own destruction. But, owing to the wetness of the ground, the King's foot slipped, just as this delicate and perilous manœuvre ought to have been accomplished, and the point of the sword encountering the cuirass of bristles on the outside of the creature's shoulder, glanced off without making any impression, and Louis fell flat on the ground. This was so far fortunate for the Monarch, because the animal, owing to the King's fall, missed his blow in his turn, and only rent with his tusk the King's short hunting-cloak, instead of ripping up his thigh. But as, after running a little a-head in the fury of his course, the boar turned to repeat his attack on the King in the moment when he was rising, the life of Louis was in imminent danger, when Quentin Durward, who had been thrown out in the chase by the slowness of his horse, but who, nevertheless, had luckily distinguished and followed the blast of the King's horn, rode up, and transfixed the animal with his spear.

The King, who had by this time recovered his feet, came in turn to Durward's assistance, and



cut the animal's throat with his sword. Before speaking a word to Quentin, he measured the huge creature not only by paces, but even by feet — then wiped the sweat from his brow, and the blood from his hands — then took off his hunting cap, hung it on a bush, and devoutly made his orisons to the little leaden images which it contained — and then looking upon Durward, said to him, «Is it thou, my young Scot? — thou hast begun thy woodcraft well, and Maitre Pierre owes thee as good entertainment as he gave thee at the Fleur-de-Lys yonder. — Why dost thou not speak? Thou hast lost thy forwardness and fire, methinks, at the Court, where others find both.”

Quentin, as shrewd a youth as ever Scottish breeze breathed caution into, was far too wise to embrace the perilous permission of familiarity which he seemed thus invited to use. He answered in very few and well-chosen words, that if he ventured to address his Majesty at all, it could be but to crave pardon for the rustic boldness with which he had conducted himself when ignorant of his high rank.

«Tush! man,” said the King; «I forgive thy sauciness for thy spirit and shrewdness. I admired how near thou didst hit upon my gossip Tristan's occupation. You have nearly tasted of his handy-work since, as I am given to under-



stand. I bid thee beware of him; he is a merchant who deals in rough bracelets and tight necklaces. Help me to my horse — I love thee, and will do thee good. Build on no man's favour but mine — not even on thine uncle's or Lord Crawford's — and say nothing of thy timely aid in this matter of the boar; for if a man makes boast that he has served a King in such a pinch, he must take the braggart humour for its own recompence."

The King then winded his horn, which brought up Dunois and several attendants, whose compliments he received on the slaughter of such a noble animal, without scrupling to appropriate a much greater share of merit than actually belonged to him; for he mentioned Durward's assistance as slightly as sportsman, who, in boasting of the number of birds which he has bagged, does not always dilate upon the presence and assistance of the game-keeper. He then ordered Dunois to see that the boar's carcass was sent to the brotherhood of Saint Martin, at Tours, to mend their fare upon holidays, and that they might remember the King in their private devotions.

"And," said Louis, "who hath seen his Eminence my Lord Cardinal? Methinks it were but poor courtesy, and cold regard to Holy Church, to leave him afoot here in the forest."

"May it please you, sire," said Quentin, when



he saw that all were silent, "I saw his Lordship the Cardinal accommodated with a horse, on which he left the forest."

"Heaven cares for its own," replied the King. "Set forward, my lords; we'll hunt no more this morning. — You, Sir Squire," addressing Quentin, "reach me my wood-knife — it has dropped from the sheath beside the quarry there. Ride in, Dunois — I follow instantly."

Louis, whose lightest motions were often conducted like stratagems, thus gained an opportunity to ask Quentin privately, "My bonny Scot, thou hast an eye, I see — Can'st thou tell me who helped the Cardinal to a palfrey? — Some stranger, I should suppose; for, as *I* passed without stopping, the courtiers would likely be loath to do him such a turn."

"I saw those who aided his Eminence but an instant, sire," said Quentin; "for I had been unluckily thrown out, and was riding fast, to be in my place; but I think it was the Ambassador of Burgundy and his people."

"Ha!" said Louis. — "Well, be it so — France will match them yet."

There was nothing more remarkable happened, and the King, with his retinue, returned to the Castle.

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## CHAPTER X.

### THE SENTINEL.

*Where should this music be? i' the air, or  
the earth?*

*The Tempest.*

*—— I was all ear,  
And took in strains that might create a soul  
Under the ribs of death.*

*Comus.*

---

QUENTIN had hardly reached his little cabin, in order to make some necessary changes in his dress, when his worthy relative required to know from him the full particulars which had befallen him at the hunt.

The youth, who could not help thinking that his uncle's hand was probably more powerful than his understanding, took care, in his reply, to leave



the King in full possession of the victory which he had seemed desirous to appropriate. The Balafre's reply was an account of how much better he himself would have behaved in the like circumstances, and it was mixed with a gentle censure of his nephew's slackness, in not making in to the King's assistance, when he might be in imminent peril. The youth had prudence, in answer, to abstain from all farther vindication of his own conduct, excepting, that, according to the rules of woodcraft, he held it ungentle to interfere with the game attached by another hunter, unless he was specially called upon for his assistance. This discussion was scarce ended, when occasion was afforded Quentin to congratulate himself for observing some reserve towards his kinsman. A low tap at the door announced a visitor — it was presently opened, and Oliver Dain, or Mauvais, or Diable, for by all these names he was known, entered the apartment.

This able but most unprincipled man has been already described, in so far as his exterior is concerned. The aptest resemblance of his motions and manners might perhaps be to those of the domestic cat, which, while couching in seeming slumber, or gliding through the apartment with slow, stealthy, and timid steps, is now engaged in watching the hole of some unfortunate mouse, now in rubbing herself with apparent confidence



and fondness against those by whom she desires to be caressed, and, presently after, is flying upon her prey, or scratching, perhaps, the very object of her former cajolements.

He entered with stooping shoulders, a humble and modest look, and threw such a degree of civility into his address to the Seigneur Balafre, that no one who saw the interview could have avoided concluding that he came to ask a boon of the Scottish Archer. He congratulated Lesly on the excellent conduct of his young kinsman in the chase that day, which, he observed, had attracted the King's particular attention. He here paused for a reply; and with his eyes fixed on the ground, save just when once or twice they stole upwards to take a side glance at Quentin, he heard Balafre observe, "That his Majesty had been unlucky in not having himself by his side instead of his nephew, as he would questionless have made in and speared the brute, a matter which he understood Quentin had left upon his Majesty's royal hands, so far as he could learn the story. But it will be a lesson to his Majesty," he said, "while he lives, to mount a man of my inches on a better horse; for how could my great hill of a Flemish dray-horse keep up with his Majesty's Norman runner? I am sure I spurred till his sides were furrowed. It is ill considered, Master Oliver, and you must represent it to his Majesty."



Master Oliver only replied to this observation by turning towards the bold bluff speaker one of those slow, dubious glances, which accompanied by a slight motion of the hand, and a gentle depression of the head to one side, may be either interpreted as a mute assent to what is said, or as a cautious deprecation of farther prosecution of the subject. It was a keener, more scrutinizing glance which he bent on the youth, as he said, with an ambiguous smile, "So, young man, is it the wont of Scotland to suffer your Princes to be endangered for the lack of aid, in such emergencies as this of to-day?"

"It is our custom," answered Quentin, determined to throw no farther light on the subject, "not to encumber them with assistance in honourable pastimes, when they can aid themselves without it. We hold that a Prince in a hunting field must take his chance with others, and that he comes there for the very purpose. — What were wood-craft without fatigue and without danger?"

"You hear the silly boy," said his uncle; "that is always the way with him, he hath an answer or a reason ready to be rendered for every one. I wonder whence he hath caught the gift; I never could give a reason for any thing I have ever done in my life, except for eating when I



was a hungry, calling the muster-roll, and such points of duty as the like."

"And pray, worthy Seigneur," said the royal tonsor, looking at him from under his eye-lids, "what might your reason be for calling the muster-roll on such occasions?"

"Because the Captain commanded me," said Balafre. "By Saint Giles, I know no other reason! If he had commanded Tyrie or Cunningham, they must have done the same."

"A most military final cause!" said Oliver. — "But, Seigneur Balafre, you will be glad, doubtless, to learn, that his Majesty is so far from being displeased with your nephew's conduct, that he hath selected him to execute a piece of duty this afternoon."

"Selected *him*?" said Balafre, in great surprise; — "Selected *me*, I suppose, you mean."

"I mean precisely as I speak," replied the barber, in a mild but decided tone; "the King hath a commission with which to entrust your nephew."

"Why, wherefore, and for what reason?" said Balafre; "why doth he chuse the boy, and not me?"

"I can go no farther back than your own ultimate cause, Seigneur Balafre; such are his Majesty's commands. But," said he, "if I might use the presumption to form a conjecture, it may



be his Majesty hath work to do, fitter for a youth like your nephew, than for an experienced warrior like yourself, Seignor Balafre. — Wherefore, young gentleman, get your weapons and follow me. Bring with you a harquebuss, for you are to mount sentinel."

"Sentinel!" said the uncle — "Are you sure you are right, Master Oliver? The inner guards have ever been mounted by those only who have (like me) served twelve years in our honourable body."

"I am quite certain of his Majesty's pleasure," said Oliver, "and must no longer delay executing it. — Have the goodness to assist to put your nephew in order for the service."

Balafre, who had no ill-nature, or even much jealousy in his disposition hastily set about adjusting his nephew's dress, and giving him directions for his conduct under arms, but was unable to refrain from larding them with interjections of surprise at such luck chancing to fall upon the young man so early.

"It had never taken place before in the Scottish Guard," he said, "not even in his own instance. But doubtless his service must be to mount guard over the popinjays and Indian peacocks, which the Venetian ambassador had lately presented to the King — it could be nothing else, and such duty being only fit for a beardless boy,



(here he twirled his own grim moustaches,) he was glad the lot had fallen on his fair nephew."

Quick, and sharp of wit, as well as ardent in fancy, Quentin saw visions of higher importance in this early summons to the royal presence, and his heart beat high at the anticipation of rising into speedy distinction. He determined carefully to watch the manners and language of his conductor, which he suspected must, in some cases at least, be interpreted by contraries, as soothsayers are said to discover the interpretation of dreams. He could not but hug himself on having observed strict secrecy on the events of the chase, and then formed a resolution, which, for so young a person, had much prudence in it, that while he breathed the air of this secluded and mysterious court, he would keep his thoughts locked in his bosom, and his tongue under the most careful regulation.

His equipment was soon complete, and, with his harquebuss on his shoulder, (for though they retained the name of Archers, the Scottish Guard very early substituted fire-arms for the long-bow, in the use of which their nation never excelled,) he followed Master Oliver out of the barrack.

His uncle looked long after him, with a countenance in which wonder was blended with curiosity; and though neither envy nor the malignant feelings which it engenders, entered into his



honest meditations, there was yet a sense of wounded or diminished self-importance, which mingled with the pleasure excited by his nephew's favourable commencement of service.

He shook his head gravely, opened a privy cupboard, took out a large *bottrine* of stout old wine, shook it to examine how low the contents had ebbed, filled and drank a hearty cup; then took his seat, half reclining, on the great oaken settle, and having once again slowly shaken his head, received so much apparent benefit from the oscillation, that, like the toy called a mandarin, he continued the motion until he dropped into a slumber, from which he was first roused by the signal to dinner.

When Quentin Durward left his uncle to these sublime meditations, he followed his conductor, Master Oliver, who, without crossing any of the principal courts, let him partly through private passages exposed to the open air, but chiefly through a maze of stairs, vaults, and galleries, communicating with each other by secret doors, and at unexpected points, into a large and spacious latticed gallery, which, from its breadth, might have been almost termed a hall, hung with tapestry more ancient than beautiful, and with a very few of the hard, cold, ghastly-looking pictures, belonging to the first dawn of the arts, which preceded their splendid sunrise.



These were designed to represent the Paladins of Charlemagne, who made such a distinguished figure in the romantic history of France; and as the gigantic form of the celebrated Orlando constituted the most prominent figure, the apartment acquired from him the title of Roland's Hall, or Roland's Gallery.

“You will keep watch here,” said Oliver, in a low whisper, as if the hard delineations of monarchs and warriors around could have been offended at the elevation of his voice, or as if he had feared to awaken the echoes that lurked among the groined-vaults and Gothic drop-work of this huge and dreary apartment.

“What are the orders and signs of my watch?” answered Quentin, in the same suppressed tone.

“Is your harquebuss loaded?” replied Oliver, without answering his query.

“That,” answered Quentin, “is soon done;” and proceeded to charge his weapon, and to light the slow-match, (by which when necessary it was discharged,) at the embers of a wood-fire, which was expiring in the huge hall chimney — a chimney itself so large, that it might have been called a Gothic closet or chapel appertaining to the hall.

When this was performed, Oliver told him that he was ignorant of one of the high privileges of his own corps, which only received orders from the King in person, or the High Constable of



France in lieu of their own officers. «You are placed here by his Majesty's command, young man, added Oliver, «and you will not be long here without knowing wherefore you are summoned. Meantime your walk extends along this gallery. You are permitted to stand still while you list, but on no account to sit down, or quit your weapon. You are not to sing aloud, or whistle, upon any account; but you may, if you list, mutter some of the church's prayers, or what you list that has no offence in it, in a low voice. Farewell, and keep good watch.”

«Good watch!” thought the youthful soldier as his guide stole away from him with that noiseless gliding step which was peculiar to him, and vanished through a side door behind the arras — «Good watch! but upon whom, and against whom? — for what, save bats or rats, are there here to contend with, unless these grim old representatives of humanity should start into life for the disturbance of my guard? Well, it is my duty, I suppose, and I must perform it.”

With the vigorous purpose of discharging his duty, even to the very rigour, he tried to while away the time with some of the pious hymns which he had learned in the convent in which he had found shelter after the death of his father — allowing in his own mind, that, but for the change of a novice's frock for the rich military dress



which he now wore, his soldierly walk in the royal gallery of France resembled greatly those of which he had tired excessively in the cloistered seclusion of Aberbrothock.

Presently, as if to convince himself he now belonged not to the cell but to the world, he chaunted to himself, but in such tone as not to exceed the license given to him, some of the ancient rude ballads which the old family harper had taught him, of the defeat of the Danes at Aberlemno and Forres, the murder of King Duffus at Forfar, and other pithy sonnets and lays, which appertained to the history of his distant native country, and particularly of the district to which he belonged. This wore away a considerable space of time, and it was now more than two hours past noon, when Quentin was reminded by his appetite, that the good fathers of Aberbrothock, however strict in demanding his attendance upon the hours of devotion, were no less pointed in summoning him to those of refection; whereas here, in the interior of a royal palace, after a morning spent in exercise, and a noon exhausted in duty, no man seemed to consider it as a natural consequence that he must be impatient for his dinner.

There are, however, charms in sweet sounds which can lull to rest even the natural feelings of impatience, by which Quentin was now visited.



At the opposite extremities of the long hall or gallery, were two large doors ornamented with heavy architraves, probably opening into different suites of apartments, to which the gallery served as a medium of mutual communication. As the sentinel directed his solitary walk betwixt these two entrances, which formed the boundary of his duty, he was startled by a strain of music, which was suddenly waked near one of those doors, and which, at least in his imagination, was a combination of the same lute and voice by which he had been enchanted upon the preceding day. All the dreams of yesterday morning, so much weakened by the agitating circumstances which he had since undergone, again arose more vivid from their slumber, and, planted on the spot where his ear could most conveniently drink in the sounds, Quentin remained, with his harquebuss shouldered, his mouth half open, ear, eye, and soul directed to the spot, rather the picture of a sentinel than a living form, — without any other idea, than that of catching, if possible, each passing sound of the dulcet melody.

These delightful sounds were but partially heard — they languished, lingered, ceased totally, and were from time to time renewed after uncertain intervals. But, besides that music, like beauty, is often most delightful, or at least most interesting to the imagination, when its charms



are but partially displayed, and the imagination is left to fill up what is from distance but imperfectly detailed, Quentin had matter enough to fill up his reverie during the intervals of fascination. He could not doubt, from the report of his uncle's comrades, and the scene which had passed in the presence-chamber that morning, that the syren who thus delighted his ears, was not, as he had profanely supposed, the daughter or kinswoman of a base *Cabaretier*, but the disguised and distressed Countess, for whose cause Kings and Princess were now about to buckle on armour, and put lance in rest. A hundred wild dreams, such as romantic and adventurous youth readily nourished in a romantic and adventurous age, chased from his eyes the bodily presentment of the actual scene, and substituted their own bewildering delusions, when at once, and rudely, they were banished by a rough grasp laid upon his weapon, and a harsh voice which exclaimed, close to his ear, «Ha! *Pasques-dieu*, Sir Squire, methinks you keep sleepy ward here!»

The voice was the tuneless, yet impressive and ironical tone of Maitre Pierre, and Quentin, suddenly recalled to himself, saw, with shame and fear, that he had, in his reverie, permitted Louis himself — entering probably by some secret door, and gliding along by the wall, or behind



the tapestry — to approach him so nearly, as almost to master his weapon.

The first impulse of his surprise was to free his harquebuss by a violent exertion, which made the King stagger backward into the hall. His next apprehension was, that, in obeying the animal instinct, as it may be termed, which prompts a brave man to resist an attempt to disarm him, he had aggravated, by a personal struggle with the King, the displeasure produced by the negligence with which he had performed his duty upon guard; and, under this impression, he recovered his harquebuss without almost knowing what he did, and having again shouldered it, stood motionless before the Monarch, whom he had reason to conclude he had mortally offended.

Louis, whose tyrannical disposition was less founded on natural ferocity or cruelty of temper, than on cold-blooded policy and jealous suspicion, had, nevertheless, a share of that caustic severity which would have made him a despot in private conversation, and always seemed to enjoy the pain which he inflicted on occasions like the present. But he did not push his triumph far, and contented himself with saying, — “Thy service of the morning hath already overpaid some negligence in so young a soldier — Hast thou dined?”

Quentin, who rather looked to be sent to the



Provost-Marshal than greeted with such a compliment, answered humbly in the negative.

“Poor lad,” said Louis, in a softer tone than he usually spoke in, “hunger hath made him drowsy. — I know thine appetite is a wolf,” he continued; “and I will save thee from one wild beast as thou didst me from another; thou hast been prudent too in that matter, and I thank thee for it. Canst thou yet hold out an hour without food?”

“Four-and-twenty, Sire,” replied Durward, “or I were no true Scot.”

“I would not for another kingdom be the pasty to encounter thee after such a vigil,” said the King; “but the question now is, not of thy dinner, but of my own. I admit to my table this day, and in strict privacy, the Cardinal Balue and this Burgundian — this Count de Crevecœur, and something may chance — the devil is most busy when foes meet on terms of truce.”

He stopped, and remained silent, with a deep and gloomy look. As the King was in no haste to proceed, Quentin at length ventured to ask what his duty was to be in these circumstances.

“To keep watch at the beauffet, with thy loaded weapon,” said Louis; “and if there is treason, to shoot the traitor dead.”



“Treason, Sire! and in this guarded Castle!” exclaimed Durward.

“You think it impossible,” said the King, not offended, it would seem, by his frankness; “but our history has shewn that treason can creep into an augre-hole. — Treason excluded by guards! O thou silly boy! — *quis custodiat ipsos custodes* — who shall exclude the treason of those very warders?”

“Their Scottish honour,” answered Durward, boldly.

“True; most right — thou pleasest me,” said the King, cheerfully; “the Scottish honour was ever true, and I trust it accordingly. But Treason!” — Here he relapsed into his former gloomy mood, and traversed the apartment with unequal steps — “She sits at our feasts, she sparkles in our bowls, she wears the beard of our counsellors, the smiles of our courtiers, the crazy laugh of our jesters — above all, she lies hid under the friendly air of a reconciled enemy. Louis of Orleans trusted John of Burgundy — he was murdered in the Rue Barhette. John of Burgundy trusted the faction of Orleans — he was murdered on the bridge of Montereau. I will trust no one — no one. Hark ye; I will keep my eye on that insolent Count; ay, and on the Churchman too, whom I hold not too faithful.



When I say, *Ecosse, en avant*, shoot Crevecœur dead on the spot."

"It is my duty," said Quentin, "your Majesty's life being endangered."

"Certainly — I mean it no otherwise," said the King. — "What should I get by slaying this insolent soldier? — Were it the Constable Saint Paul indeed" — Here he paused, as if he thought he had said a word too much, but resumed, laughing, "There's our brother-in-law, James of Scotland — your own James, Quentin — poniarded the Douglas when on a hospitable visit, within his own royal castle of Skirling."

"Of Stirling," said Quentin, "and so please your highness. — It was a deed of which came little good."

"Stirling call you the castle?" said the King, overlooking the latter part of Quentin's speech — "Well, let it be Stirling — the name is nothing to the purpose. But I meditate no injury to these men — none — It would serve me nothing. They may not purpose equally fair by me. — I rely on thy harquebuss."

"I shall be prompt at the signal," said Quentin; "but yet —"

"You hesitate," said the King. "Speak out — I give thee full leave. From such as thee hints may be caught that are right valuable."

"I would only presume to say," replied Quen-



tin, "that your Majesty having occasion to distrust this Burgundian, I marvel that you suffer him to approach so near your person, and that in privacy."

"O content you, Sir Squire," said the King. "There are some dangers, which, when they are braved, disappear, and which yet, when there is an obvious and apparent dread of them displayed, become certain and inevitable. When I walk boldly up to a surly mastiff, and caress him, it is ten to one I sooth him to good temper; if I shew fear of him, he flies on me and rends me. I will be thus far frank with thee — It concerns me nearly that this man returns not to his headlong master in a resentful humour. I run my risk, therefore. I have never shunned to expose my life for the weal of my kingdom. — Follow me."

Louis led his young Life-guardsmen, for whom he seemed to have taken a special favour, through the side-door by which he had himself entered, saying, as he shewed it him, "He who would thrive at court must know the private wickets and concealed stair-cases — ay, and the traps and pitfalls of the palace, as well as the principal entrances, folding-doors, and portals."

After several turns and passages, the King entered a small vaulted room, where a table was prepared for dinner with three covers. The whole furniture and arrangements of the room were



plain almost to meanness. A beaufet, or folding and moveable cupboard, held a few pieces of gold and silver plate, and was the only article in the chamber which had, in the slightest degree, the appearance of royalty. Behind this cupboard, and completely hidden by it, was the post which Louis assigned to Quentin Durward; and after having ascertained, by going to different parts of the room, that he was invisible on all quarters, he gave him his last charge — “Remember the word, *Ecosse, en avant*; and so soon as ever I utter these sounds, throw down the screen — spare not for cup or goblet, and be sure thou take good aim at Crevecœur — If thy piece fail, cling to him, and use thy knife — Oliver and I can deal with the Cardinal.”

Having thus spoken, he whistled aloud, and summoned into the apartment Oliver, who was premier-valet of the chamber as well as barber, and who, in fact, performed all offices immediately connected with the King's person, and who now appeared, attended by two old men, who were the only assistants or waiters at the royal table. So soon as the King had taken his place, the visitors were admitted; and Quentin, though himself unseen, was so situated as to remark all the particulars of the interview.

The King welcomed his visitors with a degree of cordiality, which Quentin had the utmost diffi-



culty to reconcile with the directions which he had previously received, and the purpose for which he stood behind the beaufet with his deadly weapon in readiness. Not only did Louis appear totally free from apprehension of any kind, but one would have supposed that those guests whom he had done the high honour to admit to his table, were the very persons in whom he could most unreservedly confide, and whom he was most willing to honour. Nothing could be more dignified, and, at the same time, more courteous, than his demeanour. While all around him, including even his own dress, was far beneath what the petty princess of the kingdom displayed in their festivities, his own language and manners were those of a mighty Sovereign in his most condescending mood. Quentin was tempted to suppose, either that the whole of his previous conversation with Louis had been a dream, or that the dutiful demeanour of the Cardinal, and the frank, open, and gallant bearing of the Burgundian noble, had entirely erased the King's suspicions.

But whilst the guests, in obedience to the King, were in the act of placing themselves at the table, his Majesty darted one keen glance on them, and then instantly directed his look to Quentin's post. This was done in an instant; but the glance conveyed so much doubt and hatred to-



wards his guests, such a peremptory injunction on Quentin to be watchful in attendance, and prompt in execution, that no room was left for doubting that the sentiments of Louis continued unaltered, and his apprehensions unabated. He was, therefore, more than ever astonished at the deep veil under which that Monarch was able to conceal the movements of his jealous disposition.

Appearing to have entirely forgotten the language which Crevecœur had held towards him in the face of his court, the King conversed with him of old times, of events which had occurred during his own exile in the territories of Burgundy, and inquired respecting all the nobles with whom he had been then familiar, as if that period had indeed been the happiest of his life, and as if he retained towards all who had contributed to soften the term of his exile the kindest and most grateful sentiments.

“To an ambassador of another nation,” he said, “I would have thrown something of state into our reception; but to an old friend, who shared my board at the Castle of Genappes, I wished to shew myself, as I love best to live, old Louis of Valois, as simple and plain as any of his Parisian *badauds*. But I directed them to make some better cheer for you, Sir Count, for I know your Burgundian proverb, *‘Mieux vault bon repas que bel habit,’* and I bid them



have some care of our table. For our wine, you know well it is the subject of an old emulation betwixt France and Burgundy, which we will presently reconcile; for I will drink to you in Burgundy, and you, Sir Count, shall pledge me in Champagne. — Here, Oliver, let me have a cup of *Vin d'Auxerre*;" and he hummed gaily a song then well known —

*«Auxerre est le boisson des Rois.»*

«Here, Sir Count, I drink to the health of the noble Duke of Burgundy, our kind and loving cousin. — Oliver, replenish yon golden cup with *Vin de Rheims*, and give it to the Count on your knee — he represents our loving brother. — My Lord Cardinal, we will ourself fill your cup.»

«You have already, Sire, even to overflowing," said the Cardinal, with the lowly mien of a favourite towards an indulgent master.

«Because we know that your Eminence can carry it with a steady hand," said Louis. «But which side do you espouse in the great controversy — Sillery or Auxerre — France or Burgundy?"

«I will stand neutral, Sire," said the Cardinal, «and replenish my cup with Auvernat.»

«A neutral has a perilous part to sustain," said the King; but as he observed the Cardinal



colour somewhat, he glided from the subject, and added, "But you prefer the Auvernat, because it is so noble it suffers not water — You, Sir Count, hesitate to fill your cup. I trust you have found no national bitterness at the bottom."

"I would, Sir," said the Count de Crevecœur, "that all national quarrels could be as pleasantly ended as the rivalry betwixt our vineyards."

"With time, Sir Count — with time — such time as you have taken to your draught of Champagne. — And now that it is finished, favour me by putting the goblet in your bosom, and keeping it as a pledge of our regard. It is not to every one that we would part with it. It belonged of yore to that terror of France, Henry V. of England, and was taken when Rouen was reduced, and those islanders expelled from Normandy by the joint arms of France and Burgundy. It cannot be better bestowed than on a noble and valiant Burgundian, who well knows that in the union of these two nations depends the continuance of the freedom of the continent from the English yoke."

The Count made a suitable answer, and Louis gave unrestrained way to the satirical gaiety of disposition which sometimes enlivened the darker shades of his character. Leading, of course, the conversation, his remarks, always shrewd and caustic, and often actually witty, were seldom good-natured, and the anecdotes with which he



illustrated them were often more humorous than delicate; but in no one word, syllable, or letter, did he betray the state of mind of one who, apprehensive of assassination, hath in his apartment an armed soldier, with his piece loaded, in order to prevent or anticipate the dead.

The Count of Crevecœur gave frankly into the King's humour; while the smooth churchman laughed at every jest, and enhanced every ludicrous idea, without expressing any shame at expressions which made the rustic young Scot blush even in his place of concealment. In about an hour and a half the tables were drawn; and the King, taking courteous leave of his guests, gave the signal that it was his desire to be alone.

So soon as all, even Oliver, had retired, he called Quentin from his place of concealment; but with a voice so faint, that the youth could scarce believe it to be the same which had so lately given animation to the jest, and zest to the tale. As he approached he saw an equal change in his countenance. The light of assumed vivacity had left his eyes, the smile had deserted his face, and he exhibited all the fatigue of a celebrated actor, when he has finished the exhausting representation of some favourite character.

„Thy watch is not yet over,” he said to Quentin — „refresh thyself for an instant — yonder dormant table affords the means — I will then



instruct thee in thy farther duty. Meanwhile, it is ill talking between a full man and a fasting."

He threw himself back on his seat, covered his brow with his hand, and was silent.





## CHAPTER XI.

THE HALL OF ROLAND.

*Painters shew Cupid blind — Hath Hymen eyes?  
Or is his sight warp'd by those spectacles  
Which parents, guardians, and advisers, lend  
him,  
That he may look through them on lands and  
mansions,  
On jewels, gold, and all such rich dotations,  
And see their value ten times magnified —  
Methinks 'twill brook a question.*

*The Miseries of enforced Marriage.*



Louis the XIth of France, though the sovereign in Europe who was fondest and most jealous of power, desired only its substantial enjoyment; and though he knew well enough, and at



times exacted strictly, the observances due to his rank, was in general singularly careless of shew.

In a prince of better qualities, the familiarity with which he invited subjects to his board — nay, occasionally sat at theirs, — must have been highly popular; and even such as he was, the King's homeliness of manners atoned for many of his vices with that class of his subjects who were not particularly exposed to their consequences. The *tiers etat*, or commons of France, who rose to more opulence and consequence under the reign of this sagacious Prince, respected his person, though they loved him not; and it was resting on their support that he was enabled to make his party good against the hatred of the nobles, who conceived that he diminished the honour of the French crown, and obscured their own splendid privileges, by the very neglect of form which gratified the citizens and commons.

With patience, which most other princes would have considered as degrading, and not without a sense of amusement, the Monarch of France waited till his life-guard's-man had satisfied the keenness of a youthful appetite. It may be supposed, however, that Quentin had too much sense and prudence to put the royal patience to a long or tedious proof; and indeed he was repeatedly desirous to break off his repast ere Louis would permit him. "I see it in thine eye," he said,



“that thy courage is not half abated. Go on — God and Saint Dennis! — charge again. I tell thee that meat and mass (crossing himself) never hindered the work of a good Christian man. Take a cup of wine; but mind thou be cautious of the wine-pot — it is the vice of thy countrymen as well as of the English, who, lacking that folly, are the choicest soldiers ever wore armour. And now wash speedily — forget not thy *benedicite*, and follow me.”

Quentin obeyed, and, conducted by a different, but as maze-like an approach as he had formerly passed, he followed Louis into the Hall of Roland.

“Take notice,” said the King, imperatively, “thou hast never left this post — let that be thine answer to thy kinsman and comrades — and, hark thee, to bind the recollection on thy memory, I give thee this gold chain, (flinging on his arm one of considerable value.) If I go not brave myself, those whom I trust have ever the means to ruffle it with the best. But, when such chains as these bind not the tongue from wagging too freely, my gossip, L’Hermite, hath an amulet for the throat, which never fails to work a certain cure. And now attend.—No man, save Oliver or I myself, enters here this evening; but ladies will come hither, perhaps from the one extremity of the hall, perhaps from the other, perhaps from both. You



may answer if they address you, but, being on your duty, your answer must be brief; and you must neither address them in your turn, nor engage in any prolonged discourse. But hearken to what they say. Thine ears, as well as thy hands, are mine — I have bought thee body and soul. Therefore, if thou hearest aught of their conversation, thou must retain it in memory until it is communicated to me, and then forget it. — And, now I think better on it, it will be best that thou pass for a Scottish recruit, who hath come straight down from his mountains, and hath not yet acquired our most Christian language. — Right. — So, if they speak to thee, thou wilt *not* answer — this will free you from embarrassment, and lead them to converse without regard to your presence. You understand me. — Farewell. Be wary, and thou hast a friend.”

The King had scarce spoken these words ere he disappeared behind the arras, leaving Quentin to meditate on what he had seen and heard. The youth was in one of those situations from which it is pleasanter to look forward than to look back; for the reflection that he had been planted like a marksman in a thicket who watches for a stag, to take the life of the noble Count of Crevecœur, had in it nothing ennobling. It was very true that the King's measures seemed on this occasion merely cautionary and defensive; but how did



he know but he might be soon commanded on some offensive operation of the same kind? This would be an unpleasant crisis, since it was plain, from the character of his master, that there would be destruction in refusing, while his honour told him there would be disgrace in complying. He turned his thoughts from this subject of reflection, with the sage consolation so often adopted by youth when prospective dangers intrude themselves on their mind, that it was time enough to think what was to be done when the emergence actually arrived, and that sufficient for the day was the evil thereof.

Quentin made use of this sedative reflection the more easily, that the last commands of the King had given him something more agreeable to think of than his own condition. The Lady of the Lute was certainly one of those to whom his attention was to be dedicated; and well in his mind did he promise to obey one part of the King's mandate, and listen with diligence to every word that might drop from her lips, that he might know if the magic of her conversation equalled that of her music. But with as much sincerity did he swear to himself, that no part of her discourse should be reported by him to the King, which might affect the fair speaker otherwise than favourably.

Meantime, there was no fear of his again



slumbering on his post. Each passing breath of wind, which, finding its way through the open lattice, waved the old arras, sounded like the approach of the fair object of his expectation. He felt, in short, all that mysterious anxiety, and eagerness of expectation, which is always the companion of love, and sometimes hath a considerable share in creating it.

At length, a door actually creaked and jingled, (for the doors even of palaces did not in the fifteenth century turn on their hinges so noiseless as ours;) but, alas! it was not at that end of the hall from which the lute had been heard. It opened, however, and a female figure entered, followed by two others, whom she directed by a sign to remain without, while she herself came forward into the hall. By her imperfect and unequal gait, which shewed to peculiar disadvantage as she traversed this long gallery, Quentin at once recognized the Princess Joan, and, with the respect which became his situation, drew himself up in a fitting attitude of silent vigilance, and lowered his weapon to her as she passed. She acknowledged the courtesy by a gracious inclination of her head, and he had an opportunity of seeing her countenance more distinctly than he had in the morning.

There was little in the features of this ill-fated princess to atone for the misfortune of her shape



and gait. Her face was, indeed, by no means disagreeable in itself, though destitute of beauty; and there was a meek expression of suffering patience in her large blue eyes, which were commonly fixed upon the ground. But besides that she was extremely pallid in complexion, her skin had the yellowish discoloured tinge which accompanies habitual bad health; and though her teeth were white and regular, her lips were thin and pale. The Princess had a profusion of flaxen hair, but it was so light-coloured, as to be almost of a bluish tinge; and her tire-woman, who doubtless considered the luxuriance of her mistress's tresses as a beauty, had not greatly improved matters, by arranging them in curls around her pale countenance, to which they gave an expression almost unearthly. To make matters still worse, she had chosen a vest or cymar of a pale green silk, which gave her, on the whole, a ghastly and even spectral appearance.

While Quentin followed this singular apparition with eyes in which curiosity was blended with compassion, for every look and motion of the Princess seemed to call for the latter feeling, two ladies entered from the upper end of the apartment.

One of these was the young person, who, upon Louis's summons, had served him with fruit, while Quentin made his memorable breakfast at



the Fleur-de-Lys. Invested now with all the mysterious dignity belonging to the nymph of the veil and lute, and proved, besides, (at least in Quentin's estimation,) to be the high-born heiress of a rich earldom, her beauty made ten times the impression upon him which it had done when he beheld in her one whom he deemed the daughter of a paltry inn-keeper, in attendance upon a rich and humorous old burgher. He now wondered what fascination could ever have concealed from him her real character. Yet her dress was nearly as simple as before, being a suit of deep mourning, without any ornaments. Her head-dress was only a veil of crape, which was entirely thrown back, so as to leave her face discovered; and it was only Quentin's knowledge of her actual rank, which gave in his estimation new elegance to her beautiful shape, a dignity of her step which had before remained unnoticed, and to her regular features, brilliant complexion, and dazzling eyes, an air of conscious nobleness, that enhanced their beauty.

Had death been the penalty, Durward must needs have rendered to this beauty and her companion the same homage which he had just paid to the royalty of the Princess. They received it as those who were accustomed to the deference of inferiors, and returned it with courtesy; but he thought — perhaps it was but a youthful vision



— that the young lady coloured slightly, kept her eyes on the ground, and seemed embarrassed, though in a trifling degree, as she returned his military salutation. This must have been owing to her recollection of the audacious stranger in the neighbouring turret at the Fleur-de-Lys; but did that discomposure express displeasure? This question he had no means to determine.

The companion of the youthful Countess, dressed like herself simply, and in deep mourning, was at the age when women are apt to cling most closely to that reputation for beauty which has for years been diminishing. She had still remains enough to show what the power of her charms must once have been, and, remembering past triumphs, it was evident from her manner that she had not relinquished the pretensions to future conquests. She was tall and graceful, though somewhat haughty in her deportment, and returned the salute of Quentin with a smile of gracious condescension, whispering, the next instant, something into her companion's ear, who turned towards the soldier, as if to comply with some hint from the elder lady, but answered, nevertheless, without raising her eyes. Quentin could not help suspecting that the observation called on the young lady to notice his own good mien; and he was (I do not know why) pleased with the idea, that the party referred to did not choose to look at



him, in order to verify with her own eyes the truth of the observation. Probably he thought there was already a sort of mysterious connexion beginning to exist between them, which gave importance to the slightest trifle.

This reflection was momentary, for he was instantly wrapped up in attention to the meeting of the Princess with these stranger ladies. She had stood still upon their entrance, in order to receive them, conscious, perhaps, that motion did not become her well; and as she was somewhat embarrassed in receiving and repaying their compliments, the elder stranger, ignorant of the rank of the party whom she addressed, was led to pay her salutation in a manner, rather as if she conferred than received an honour through the interview.

“I rejoice, madam,” she said, with a smile, which was meant to express condescension at once and encouragement, “that we are at length permitted the society of such a respectable person of our own sex as you appear to be. I must say, that my niece and I have had but little for which to thank the hospitality of King Louis. — Nay, niece, never pluck my sleeve — I am sure I read in the looks of this young lady, sympathy for our situation. — Since we came hither, fair madam, we have been used little better than mere prisoners; and after a thousand invitations



to throw our cause and our persons under the protection of France, the most Christian King has afforded us but a base inn for our residence, and now a corner of this moth-eaten palace, out of which we are only permitted to creep towards sunset, as if we were bats or owls, whose appearance in the sunshine is to be held matter of ill omen."

"I am sorry," said the Princess, faltering with the awkward embarrassment of the interview, "that we have been unable, hitherto, to receive you according to your deserts. — Your niece, I trust, is better satisfied."

"Much — much better than I can express," answered the youthful Countess. — "I sought but safety, and I have found solitude and secrecy besides. The seclusion of our former residence, and the still greater solitude of that now assigned to us, augment, in my eyes, the favour which the King vouchsafed to us unfortunate fugitives."

"Silence, my silly cousin," said the elderly lady, "and let us speak according to our conscience, since at last we are alone with one of our own sex — I say alone, for that handsome young soldier is a mere statue, since he seems not to have the use of his limbs, and I am given to understand he wants that of his tongue, at least in civilized language — I say, since no one but this lady can understand us, I must own there is



nothing I have regretted equal to taking this French journey. I looked for a splendid reception, tournaments, carousals, pageants, and festivals; and instead of which, all has been seclusion and obscurity! and the best society whom the King introduced to us was a Bohemian vagabond, by whom he directed us to correspond with our friends in Flanders. — Perhaps," said the lady, "it is his politic intention to mew us up here until our lives' end, that he may seize on our estates, on the extinction of the ancient house of Croye. The Duke of Burgundy was not so cruel; he offered my niece a husband though he was a bad one."

"I should have thought the veil preferable to an evil husband," said the Princess, with difficulty finding opportunity to interpose a word.

"One would at least wish to have the choice, Madam," replied the voluble dame. "It is, Heaven knows, on account of my niece that I speak; for myself, I have long laid aside thoughts of changing my condition. I see you smile, but by my halidome, it is true — yet that is no excuse for the King, whose conduct, like his person, hath more resemblance to that of old Michaud, the money-changer of Ghent, than to the successor of Charlemagne."



“Hold!” said the Princess; “remember you speak of my father.”

“Of your father!” replied the Burgundian lady in surprise.

“Of my father,” repeated the Princess, with dignity. “I am Joan of France. — But fear not, madam,” she continued, in the gentle tone which was natural to her, “you designed no offence, and I have taken none. Command my influence to render your exile, and that of this interesting young person, more supportable. Alas! it is but little I have in my power; but it is willingly offered.”

Deep and submissive was the reverence with which the Countess Hameline de Croye, so was the elder lady called, received the obliging offer of the Princess’s protection. She had been long the inhabitants of courts, was mistress of the manners which are there acquired, and held firmly the established rule of courtiers of all ages, who, although their usual private conversation turns upon the vices and follies of their patrons, and on the injuries and neglect which they themselves have sustained, never suffer such hints to drop from them in presence of the Sovereign or those of his family. The lady was, therefore, scandalized to the last degree at the mistake which had induced her to speak so indecorously in presence of the daughter of Louis.



She would have exhausted herself in expressing regret and making apologies, had she not been put to silence and restored to equanimity by the Princess, who requested, in the most gentle manner, yet which, from a Daughter of France, had the weight of a command, that no more might be said in the way either of excuse or of explanation.

The Princess Joan then took her own chair with a dignity which became her, and compelled the two strangers to sit, one on either hand, to which the younger consented with unfeigned and respectful diffidence, and the elder with an affectation of deep humility and respect, which was intended for such. They spoke together, but in such a low tone, that the sentinel could not overhear their discourse, and only remarked, that the Princess seemed to bestow much of her regard on the younger and more interesting lady; and that the Countess Hameline, though speaking a great deal more, attracted less of the Princess's attention by her full flow of conversation and compliment, than did her kinswoman by her brief and modest replies to what was addressed to her.

The conversation of the ladies had not lasted a quarter of an hour, when the door at the lower end of the hall opened, and a man entered shrouded in a riding-cloak. Mindful of the



King's injunction, and determined not to be a second time caught slumbering, Quentin instantly moved towards the intruder, and, interposing between him and the ladies, requested him to retire instantly.

“By whose command?” said the stranger, in a tone of contemptuous surprise.

“By that of the King,” said Quentin, firmly, “which I am placed here to enforce.”

“Not against Louis of Orleans,” said the Duke, dropping his cloak.

The young man hesitated a moment; but how enforce his orders against the first Prince of the blood, about to be allied, as the report now generally went, with the King's own family?

“Your Highness's pleasure,” he said, “is too great to be withstood by me. I trust your Highness will bear me witness that I have done the duty of my post, so far as your will permitted.”

“Go to — you shall have no blame, young soldier,” said Orleans; and passing forwards, paid his compliments to the Princess, with that air of constraint which always marked his courtesy when addressing her.

“He had been dining,” he said, “with Du-nois, and understanding there was society in Roland's Gallery, he had ventured on the freedom of adding one to the number.”



The colour which mounted into the pale cheek of the unfortunate Joan, and which for the moment spread something of beauty over her features, evinced that this addition to the company was any thing but indifferent to her. She hastened to present the Prince to the two ladies of Croye, who received him with the respect due to his eminent rank, and the Princess, pointing to a chair, requested him to join their conversation party.

The Duke declined the freedom of assuming a seat in such society; but taking a cushion from one of the settles, he laid it at the feet of the beautiful young Countess of Croye, and so seated himself, that, without appearing to neglect the Princess, he was enabled to bestow the greater share of his attention on her beautiful neighbour.

At first, it seemed as if this arrangement rather pleased than offended his destined bride. She encouraged the Duke in his gallantries towards the fair stranger, and seemed to regard them as complimentary to herself. But the Duke of Orleans, though accustomed to subject his mind to the stern yoke of his uncle when in the King's presence, had enough of princely nature to induce him to follow his own inclinations whenever that restraint was withdrawn; and his high rank giving him a right to overstep the ordinary cere-



monies, and advance at once to familiarity, his praises of the Countess Isabelle's beauty became so energetic, and flowed with such unrestrained freedom, owing perhaps to his having drunk a little more wine than usual — for Dunois was no enemy to the worship of Bacchus — that at length he seemed almost impassioned, and the presence of the Princess appeared well nigh forgotten.

The tone of compliment which he indulged was grateful only to one individual in the circle; for the Countess Hameline already anticipated the dignity of an alliance with the first Prince of the blood, by means of her whose birth, beauty, and large possessions, rendered such an ambitious consummation by no means impossible, even in the eyes of a less sanguine projector, could the views of Louis XI. have been left out of the calculation of chances. The younger Countess listened to the Duke's gallantries with anxiety and embarrassment, and ever and anon turned an entreating look towards the Princess, as if requesting her to come to her relief. But the wounded feelings, and the timidity of Joan of France, rendered her incapable of an effort to make the conversation more general; and at length, excepting a few interjectional civilities of the Lady Hameline, it was maintained almost exclusively by the Duke himself, though at the expence of the younger Countess of Croye, whose



beauty formed the theme of his high-flown eloquence.

Nor must I forget that there was a third person, the unregarded sentinel, who saw his fair visions melt away like wax before the sun, as the Duke persevered in the warm tenor of his passionate discourse. At length the Countess Isabelle de Croye made a determined effort to cut short what was becoming intolerably disagreeable to her, especially from the pain to which the conduct of the Duke was apparently subjecting the Princess.

Addressing the latter, she said, modestly, but with some firmness, that the first boon she had to claim from her promised protection was, "that her Highness would undertake to convince the Duke of Orleans, that the ladies of Burgundy, though inferior in wit and manners to those of France, were not such absolute fools, as to be pleased with no other conversation than that of extravagant compliment."

"I grieve, lady," said the Duke, preventing the Princess's answer, "that you will satirize, in the same sentence, the beauty of the dames of Burgundy, and the sincerity of the knights of France. If we are hasty and extravagant in the expression of our admiration, it is because we love as we fight, without letting cold deliberation come into our bosoms, and surrender



to the fair with the same rapidity with which we defeat the valiant."

"The beauty of our countrywomen," said the young Countess, with more of reproof than she had yet ventured to use towards the high-born suitor, "is as unfit to claim such triumphs, as the valour of the men of Burgundy is incapable of yielding them."

"I respect your patriotism, Countess," said the Duke; "and the last branch of your theme shall not be impugned by me, till a Burgundian knight shall offer to sustain it with lance in rest. But for the injustice which you have done to the charms which your land produces, I appeal from yourself to yourself. — Look there," he said, pointing to a large mirror, the gift of the Venetian republic, and then of the highest rarity and value, "and tell me, as you look, what is the heart that can resist the charms there represented?"

The Princess, unable to sustain any longer the neglect of her lover, here sunk backwards on her chair, with a sigh, which at once recalled the Duke from the land of romance, and induced the Lady Hameline to ask whether her Highness found herself ill.

"A sudden pain shot through my forehead," said the Princess, attempting to smile; "but I will be presently better."



Her increasing paleness contradicted her words, and induced the Lady Hameline to call for assistance, as the Princess was about to faint.

The Duke, biting his lip, and cursing the folly which could not keep guard over his tongue, ran to summon the Princess's attendants, who were in the next chamber, and when they came hastily, with the usual remedies, he could not but, as a cavalier and gentleman, give assistance to support and to recover her. His voice, rendered almost tender by pity and self-reproach, was the most powerful means of recalling her to herself, and just as the swoon was passing away, the King himself entered the apartment.



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## CHAPTER XII.

### THE POLITICIAN.

*This is a lecturer so skill'd in policy,  
That (no disparagement to Satan's cunning,)  
He well might read a lesson to the devil,  
And teach the old seducer new temptations.*

*Old Play.*

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As Louis entered the Gallery, he bent his brows in the manner we have formerly described as peculiar to him, and sent from under his gathered and gloomy eye-brows, a keen look on all around; in darting which, as Quentin afterwards declared, his eyes seemed to turn so small, so fierce, and so piercing, as to resemble those of an aroused adder looking through the bush of beath in which he lies coiled.

When, by this momentary and sharpened glance, the King had reconnoitred the cause of the



bustle which was in the apartment, his first address was to the Duke of Orleans.

“You here, my fair cousin?” he said; — and turning to Quentin, added, sternly, “Had you not charge?”

“Forgive the young man, Sire,” said the Duke; “he did not neglect his duty; but I was informed that the Princess was in this gallery.”

“And I warrant you would not be withstood when you came hither to pay your court,” said the King, whose detestable hypocrisy persisted in representing the Duke as participating in a passion which was felt only on the side of his unhappy daughter; “and it is thus you debauch the sentinels of my guard, young man? — But what cannot be pardoned to a gallant who lives *par amours!*”

The Duke of Orleans raised his head, as if about to reply, in some manner which might correct the opinion conveyed in the King’s observation; but the instinctive reverence, not to say fear, of Louis, in which he had been bred from childhood, chained up his voice.

“And Joan hath been ill?” said the King; “but do not be grieved, Louis; it will soon pass away; lend her your arm to her apartment, while I will conduct these strange ladies to theirs.”

The order was given in a tone which amounted



to a command, and Orleans accordingly made his exit with the Princess at one extremity of the gallery, while the King, ungloving his right hand, courteously handed the Countess Isabelle and her kinswoman to their apartment, which opened from the other. He bowed profoundly as they entered, and remained standing on the threshold for a minute after they had disappeared; then, with great composure, shut the door by which they had retired, and turning the huge key, took it from the lock and put it into his girdle, — an appendage which gave him still more perfectly the air of some old miser, who cannot journey in comfort unless he bear with him the key of his treasure-chest.

With slow and pensive pace, and eyes fixed on the ground, Louis now paced towards Quentin Durward, who, expecting his share of the royal displeasure, viewed his approach with no little anxiety.

“Thou hast done wrong,” said the King, raising his eyes, and fixing them firmly on him when he had come within a yard of him, — “thou hast done foul wrong, and deservest to die. — Speak not a word in defence! — What hadst thou to do with Dukes or Princesses? — what with *any* thing but my order?”

“So please your Majesty,” said the young soldier, “what could I do?”



“What couldst thou do when thy post was forcibly passed?” answered the King, scornfully, — “What is the use of that weapon on thy shoulder? — Thou shouldst have levelled thy piece, and if the presumptuous rebel did not retire on the instant, he should have died within this very hall! Go — pass into these farther apartments. In the first thou wilt find a large staircase, which leads to the inner Bailley; there thou wilt find Oliver Dain. Send him to me — do thou begone to thy quarters. — As thou dost value thy life, be not so loose of thy tongue as thou hast been this day slack of thy hand.”

Well pleased to escape so easily, yet with a soul which revolted at the cold-blooded cruelty which the King seemed to require from him in the execution of his duty, Durward took the road indicated, hastened down stairs, and communicated the royal pleasure to Oliver, who was waiting in the court beneath. The wily tonsor bowed, sighed, and smiled, as, with a voice even softer than ordinary, he wished the youth a good evening; and they parted, Quentin to his quarters, and Oliver to attend the King.

In this place, the Memoirs which we have chiefly followed in compiling this true history, were unhappily defective; for, founded chiefly on information supplied by Quentin, they conveyed no information concerning the dialogue which,



in his absence, took place between the King and his secret counsellor. Fortunately, the Library of Hautlieu contained a manuscript copy of the *Chronique Scandaleuse* of Jean de Troyes, much more full than that which has been printed; to which are added several curious memoranda, which we incline to think were written down by Oliver himself after the death of his master, and before he had the happiness to be rewarded with the halter which he had so long merited. From this we have been able to extract a very full account of his conversation with Louis upon the present occasion, which throws a light upon the policy of that Prince, which we might otherwise have sought for in vain.

When the favourite attendant entered the Gallery of Roland, he found the King pensively seated upon the chair which his daughter had left some minutes before. Well acquainted with his temper, he glided on with his noiseless step until he had just crossed the line of the King's sight, so as to make him aware of his presence, then shrank modestly backward and out of sight, until he should be summoned to speak or to listen. The Monarch's first address was an unpleasant one: — "So, Oliver, your fine schemes are melting like snow before the south wind! — I pray to our Lady of Embrun that they resemble not the



ice-heaps of which the Switzer churls tell such stories, and come rushing down upon our heads."

"I have heard with concern that all is not well, Sire," answered Oliver.

"Not well!" exclaimed the King, rising and hastily marching up and down the gallery, — "All is ill, man—and as ill nearly as possible;—so much for thy fond romantic advice, that I, of all men, should become a protector of distressed damsels! I tell thee Burgundy is arming, and on the eve of closing an alliance with England. And Edward, who hath his hands idle at home, will pour his thousands upon us through that unhappy gate of Calais. Singly, I might cajole or defy them; but united, united — and with the discontent and treachery of that villain Saint Paul! — All thy fault, Oliver, who counselled me to receive the women, and to use the services of that damned Bohemian to carry messages to their vassals."

"My lord," said Oliver, "you know my reasons. The Countess's domains lie between the frontiers of Burgundy and Flanders — her castle is almost impregnable — her rights over neighbouring estates are such as, if well supported, cannot but give much annoyance to Burgundy, were the lady but wedded to one who should be friendly to France."

"It is, it is a tempting bait," said the King; "and could we have concealed her being here, we



might have arranged such a marriage for this rich heiress. — But that cursed Bohemian, how could'st thou recommend such a heathen hound for a commission which required trust?"

"Please you," said Oliver, "to remember, it was your Grace's self who trusted him too far — much farther than I recommended. — He would have borne a letter trustily enough to the Countess's kinsman, telling him to hold out her castle, and promising speedy relief; but your Highness must needs put his prophetic powers to the test; and thus he became possessed of secrets which were worth betraying."

"I am ashamed, I am ashamed," — said Louis. "And yet, Oliver, they say that these heathen people are descended from the sage Chaldeans, who did read the mysteries of the stars in the plains of Shinar."

Well aware that his master, with all his acuteness and sagacity, was the more prone to be deceived by soothsayers, astrologers, diviners, and all that race of pretenders to occult science, that he conceived himself to have some skill in these arts, Oliver dared to press this point no farther; and only observed that the Bohemian had been a bad prophet on his own account, else he would have avoided returning to Tours, and saved himself from the gallows he had merited.

"It often happens that those who are gifted



with prophetic knowledge," answered Louis, with much gravity, "have not the power of foreseeing those events in which they themselves are personally interested."

"Under your Majesty's favour," replied the confidant, "that seems as if a man could not see his own hand by means of the candle which he holds, and which shews him every other object in the apartment."

"He cannot see his own features by the light which shews the faces of others," replied Louis; "and that is the more faithful illustration of the case. — But this is foreign to my purpose at present. The Bohemian hath had his reward, and peace be with him. — But these ladies, — Not only does Burgundy threaten us with war for harbouring them, but their presence is like to interfere with my projects in my own family. My simple cousin of Orleans hath seen this damsel, and I prophecy that the sight of her is like to make him less pliable in the matter of his alliance with Joan."

"Your Majesty," answered the counsellor, "may send the ladies of Croye back to Burgundy, and so make your peace with the Duke. Many might murmur at this as dishonourable; but if necessity demands the sacrifice —"

"If profit demanded the sacrifice, Oliver, the sacrifice should be made without hesitation," answered the King. "I am an old experienced sal-



mon, and use not to gulp the angler's hook because it is busked up with a feather called honour. But what is worse than a lack of honour, there were, in returning those ladies to Burgundy, a forfeiture of those views of advantage which moved us to give them an asylum. It were heart-breaking to renounce the opportunity of planting a friend to ourselves, and an enemy to Burgundy, in the very centre of his dominions, and so near to the discontented cities of Flanders. Oliver, I cannot relinquish the advantages which our scheme of marrying the maiden to a friend of our own house seems to hold out to us."

"Your Majesty," said Oliver, after a moment's thought, "might confer her hand on some right trusty friend, who would take all blame on himself, and serve your Majesty secretly, while in public you might disown him."

"And where am I to find such a friend?" said Louis.. "Were I to bestow her upon any one of our mutinous and ill-ruled nobles, would it not be rendering him independent? and hath it not been my policy for years to prevent them from becoming so? — Dunois indeed — him, and him only, I might perchance trust. — He would fight for the crown of France, whatever were his condition. But honours and wealth change men's natures — Even Dunois I will not trust."



“Your Majesty may find others,” said Oliver, in his smoothest manner, and in a tone more insinuating than that which he usually employed in conversing with the King, who permitted him considerable freedom; “men dependent entirely on your own grace and favour, and who could no more exist without your countenance than without sun or air — men rather of head than of action — men who —”

“Men who resemble thyself, ha!” said King Louis. — “No, Oliver, by my faith that arrow was rashly shot. — What, because I indulge thee with my confidence, and let thee, in reward, poll my lieges a little now and then, doest thou think it makes thee fit to be the husband of that beautiful vision, and a Count of the highest class to the boot? thee — thee, I say, low-born and lower-bred, whose wisdom is at best a sort of cunning, and whose courage is more than doubtful?”

“Your Majesty imputes to me a presumption of which I am not guilty,” said Oliver.

“I am glad to hear it, man,” replied the King; “and truly, I hold your judgment the healthier that you disown such a reverie. But methinks thy speech sounded strangely in that key. — Well, to return. — I dare not wed this beauty to one of my subjects — I dare not return her to Burgundy — I dare not transmit her to England, or to Germany, where she is likely to become the prize of one



more likely to unite with Burgundy than with France, and who would be more ready to discourage the honest malcontents in Ghent and Liege, than to yield them that wholesome countenance which might always find Charles the Hardy enough to exercise his valour on, without stirring from his own domains — and they were in so ripe a humour for insurrection, the men of Liege in especial, that they alone, well heated and supported, would find my fair cousin work for more than a twelvemonth; — and backed by a warlike Count of Croye, — O, Oliver! the plan is too hopeful to be resigned without a struggle. — Cannot thy fertile brain devise some scheme?”

Oliver paused for a long time — then at last replied, “What if a bridal could be accomplished betwixt Isabelle of Croye, and young Adolphus, the Duke of Gueldres?”

“What!” said the King, in astonishment; “sacrifice her, and she, too, so lovely a creature, to the furious wretch who deposed, imprisoned, and has often threatened to murder, his own father! — No, Oliver, no — that were too unutterably cruel even for you and me, who look so steadfastly to our excellent end, the peace and the welfare of France, and respect so little the means by which it is attained. Besides, he lies distant from us, and is detested by the people of Ghent



and Liege. — No, no — I will none of Adolphus of Gueldres — think on some one else.”

“My invention is exhausted, sire,” said the counsellor; “I can remember no one who, as husband to the Countess of Croye, would be likely to answer your Majesty’s views. He must unite such various qualities — a friend to your Majesty — an enemy to Burgundy — of policy enough to conciliate the Gauntois and Liegeois, and of valour sufficient to defend his little dominions against the power of Duke Charles — Of noble birth besides — that your Highness insists upon; and of excellent and most virtuous character, to the boot of all.”

“Nay, Oliver,” said the King, “I leaned not so much — that is so *very* much on character; but methinks Isabelle’s bridegroom should be something less publicly and generally abhorred than Adolphus of Gueldres. — For example, since I myself must suggest some one, — why not William de la Marck?”

“On my halidome, sire,” said Oliver, “I cannot complain of your demanding too high a standard of moral excellence in the happy man, if the Wild Boar of Ardennes can serve your turn. De la Mark! — why, he is the most notorious robber and murderer on all the frontiers — excommunicated by the Pope for a thousand crimes.”



“We will have him relaxed, friend Oliver — Holy Church is merciful.”

“Almost an outlaw,” continued Oliver, “and under the ban of the Empire, by an ordinance of the Chamber at Ratisbon.”

“We will have the ban taken off, friend Oliver,” continued the King, in the same tone; “the Imperial Chamber will hear reason.”

“And admitting him to be of noble birth,” said Oliver, “he hath the manners, the face, and the outward form, as well as the heart, of a Flemish butcher — She will never accept of him.”

“His mode of wooing, if I mistake him not,” said Louis, “will render it difficult for her to make a choice.”

“I was far wrong indeed, when I taxed your Majesty with being over scrupulous,” said the counsellor. “On my life, the crimes of Adolphus are but virtues to those of De la Marck! — And then how is he to meet with his bride? — Your Majesty knows he dare not stir far from his own Forest of Ardennes.”

“That must be cared for,” said the King; “and, in the first place, the two ladies must be acquainted privately that they can be no longer maintained at this court, excepting at the expense of a war between France and Burgundy, and that, unwilling to deliver them up to my fair



cousin of Burgundy, I am desirous they should secretly depart from my dominions."

"They will demand to be conveyed to England," said Oliver; "and we will have her return with an island lord, with a round fair face, long brown hair, and three thousand archers at his back."

"No — no," replied the King; "we dare not (you understand me) so far offend our fair cousin of Burgundy as to let her pass to England — It would bring his displeasure as certainly as our maintaining her here. No, no — to the safety of the Church alone we will venture to commit her; and the utmost we can do is to connive at the Ladies Hameline and Isabelle de Croye departing in disguise, and with a small retinue, to take refuge with the Bishop of Liege, who will place the fair Isabelle, for the time, under the safeguard of a convent."

"And if that convent protect her from William de la Marck, when he knows of your Majesty's favourable intentions, I have mistaken the man."

"Why, yes," answered the King, "thanks to our secret supplies of money, De la Marck hath together a handsome handful of as unscrupulous soldiery as ever were outlawed; with which he contrives to maintain himself among the woods, in such a condition as makes him formidable both



to the Duke and Bishop of Liege- He lacks nothing but some territory which he may call his own, and this being so fair an opportunity to establish himself by marriage, I think that, *Pasques-dien!* he will find means to win and wed, without more than a hint on our part. The Duke of Burgundy will then have such a thorn in his side, as no lancet of our time will easily cut out from him. The Boar of Ardennes, whom he has already outlawed, strengthened by the possession of that fair lady's lands, castles, and seignorie, with the discontented Liegeois to boot, who, by my faith, will not be in that case unwilling to chose him for their captain and leader — let him then think of wars with France when he will, or rather let him bless his stars if she war not with him. — How dost like the scheme, Oliver, ha?"

"Barely," said Oliver, "save and except the doom which confers that lady on the Wild Boar of Ardennes. — By my halidome, saving in a little outward shew of gallantry, Tristan, the Provost-Marshal, were the more proper bridegroom of the two."

"Anon thou didst propose Master Oliver the barber," said Louis; "but friend Oliver and gossip Tristan, excellent men in the way of counsel and execution, are not the stuff that men make Counts of. Know you not that the burghers of Flanders value birth in other men, precisely be-



cause they want it themselves? — A plebeian mob ever desire an aristocratic leader. Yonder Ked, or Cade, or — how called they him? — in England, was fain to lure his rascal route after him, by pretending to the blood of the Mortimers. William de la Marck comes of the blood of the princes of Sedan. — And now to business. I must determine the Ladies of Croye to a speedy and secret flight, under sure guidance. This will be easily done — we have but to hint the alternative of surrendering them to Burgundy. Thou must find means to let William de la Marck know of their motions, and let him chuse his own time and place to push his suit. I know a fit person to travel with them.”

“May I ask to whom your Majesty commits such an important charge?” asked the tonsor.

“To a foreigner, be sure,” replied the King; “one who has neither kin nor interest in France, to interfere with the execution of my pleasure; and who knows too little of the country, and its factions, to suspect more of my purpose than I chuse to tell him — In a word, I design to employ the young Scot who sent you hither but now.”

Oliver paused in a manner which seemed to imply a doubt of the prudence of the choice, and then added, “Your Majesty has reposed confi-



dence in that stranger boy earlier than is your wont."

"I have my reasons," answered the King. — "Thou knowest (and he crossed himself) my devotion for the blessed Saint Julian. I had been saying my orisons to that holy Saint late in the night before last, and I made it my humble petition that he would augment my household with such wandering foreigners, as might best establish throughout our kingdom unlimited devotion to our will; and I vowed to the good Saint in guerdon, that I would, in his name, receive, and relieve, and maintain them."

"And did Saint Julian," said Oliver, "send your Majesty this long-legged importation from Scotland in answer to your prayers?"

Although the barber, who well knew that his master had superstition in a large proportion to his want of religion, and that on such topics nothing was more easy than to offend him — although, I say, he knew the royal weakness, and therefore carefully put the preceding question in the softest and most simple tone of voice, Louis felt the inuendo which it contained, and regarded the speaker with high displeasure.

"Sirrah," he said, "thou art well called Oliver the Devil, who dares thus to sport at once with thy master and with the blessed Saints. I tell thee, wert thou a grain less necessary to me,



I would have thee hung up on yonder oak before the Castle, as an example to all who scoff at things holy! — Know, thou infidel slave, that mine eyes were no sooner closed, than the blessed Saint Julian was visible to me, leading a young man, whom he presented to me, saying, that his fortune should be to escape the sword, the cord, the river, and to bring good fortune to the side which he should expouse, and to the adventures in which he should be engaged. I walked out on the succeeding morning, and I met with this youth. In his own country he hath escaped the sword, amid the massacre of his whole family, and here, within the brief compass of two days, he hath been strangely rescued from drowning and from the gallows, and hath already, on a particular occasion, as I but lately hinted to thee, been of the most material service to me. I receive him as sent hither by Saint Julian, to serve me in the most difficult, the most dangerous, and even the most desperate services.”

The King, as he thus expressed himself, doffed his hat, and selecting from the numerous little leaden figures with which the hat-band was garnished that which represented Saint Julian, he placed it on the table, as was often his wont when some peculiar feeling of hope, or perhaps of remorse, happened to thrill across his mind, and, kneeling down before it, muttered, with an ap-



pearance of profound devotion, "*Sancte Juliane, adsis precibus nostris! Ora, ora, pro nobis!*"

This was one of those ague-fits of superstitious devotion which often seized on Louis in such extraordinary times and places, that they gave one of the most sagacious Monarchs who ever reigned, the appearance of a madman, or at least of one whose mind was shaken by some deep consciousness of guilt.

While he was thus employed, his favourite looked at him with an expression of sarcastic contempt, which he scarce attempted to disguise. Indeed it was one of this man's peculiarities, that in his whole intercourse with his master, he laid aside that fondling, purring affectation of officiousness and humility, which distinguished his conduct to others; and if he still bore some resemblance to a cat, it was when the animal is on its guard, — watchful, animated, and alert for sudden exertion. The cause of this change was probably Oliver's consciousness, that his master was himself too profound a hypocrite not to see through the hypocrisy of others.

"The features of this youth, then, if I may presume to speak," said Oliver, "resemble those of him whom your dream exhibited?"

"Closely and intimately," said the King, whose imagination, like that of superstitious people in general, readily imposed upon itself —



“I have had his horoscope cast, besides, by Galeotti Martivalle, and I have plainly learned, through his art and mine own observation, that, in many respects, this unfriended youth hath his destiny under the same constellation with mine.”

Whatever Oliver might think of the causes thus boldly assigned for the preference of an inexperienced stripling, he dared make no farther objections, well knowing that Louis, who, while residing in exile, had bestowed much of his attention on the supposed science of astrology, would listen to no raillery of any kind which impeached his skill. He therefore only replied, that he trusted the youth would prove faithful in the discharge of a task so delicate.

“We will take care he hath no opportunity to be otherwise,” said Louis; “for he shall be privy to nothing, save that he is sent to escort the Ladies of Croye to the residence of the Bishop of Liege. Of the probable interference of William de la Marck, he shall know as little as they themselves. None shall know that secret saving the guide; and Tristan or thou must find one fit for our purpose.”

“But in that case,” said Oliver, “judging of him from his country and his appearance, the young man is like to stand to his arms so soon as the Wild Boar comes on them, and may not



come off so easily from the tusks as he did this morning."

"If they rend his heart-strings," said Louis, composedly, "Saint Julian, blessed be his name, can send me another in his stead. It skills as little that the messenger is slain after his duty is executed, as that the flask is broken when the wine is drunk out. — Meanwhile, we must expedite the ladies' departure, and then persuade the Count de Crevecœur that it has taken place without our connivance, we having been desirous to restore them to the custody of our fair cousin; which their sudden departure has unhappily prevented."

"The Count is perhaps too wise, and his master too prejudiced, to believe it."

"Holy Mother!" said Louis, "what unbelief would that be in Christian men! But, Oliver, they *shall* believe us. We will throw into our whole conduct towards our fair cousin, Duke Charles, such thorough and unlimited confidence, that, not to believe we have been sincere with him in every respect, he must be worse than an infidel. I tell thee, so convinced am I that I could make Charles of Burgundy think of me in every respect as I would have him, that, were it necessary for silencing his doubts, I would ride unarmed, and on a palfrey, to visit him in his tent,



with no better guard about me than thine own simple person, friend Oliver."

"And I," said Oliver, "though I pique not myself upon managing steel in any other shape than that of a razor, would rather charge a Swiss battalion of pikes, than I would accompany your Highness upon such a visit of friendship to Charles of Burgundy, when he hath so many grounds to be well assured that there is enmity in your Majesty's bosom against him."

"Thou art a fool, Oliver," said the King — "and that with all thy pretensions to wisdom — and art not aware that deep policy must often assume the appearance of the most extreme simplicity, as courage occasionally shrouds itself under the show of modest timidity. Were it needful, full surely would I do what I have said — the Saints always blessing our purpose, and the heavenly constellations bringing round, in their course, a proper conjuncture for such an exploit."

In these words did King Louis XI. give the first hint of the extraordinary resolution which he afterwards adopted, of duping his great rival, that had very nearly proved his own ruin.

He parted with his counsellor, and presently afterwards went to the apartment of the Ladies of Croye. Few persuasions beyond his mere licence would have been necessary to determine their retreat from the Court of France, upon the



first hint that they might not be eventually protected against the Duke of Burgundy; but it was no so easy to induce them to chuse Liege for the place of their retreat. They entreated and requested to be transferred to Bretagne or Calais, where, under protection of the Duke of Bretagne, or King of England, they might remain in a state of safety, until the Sovereign of Burgundy should relent in his rigorous purpose towards them. But neither of these places of safety at all suited the plans of Louis, and he was at last successful in inducing them to adopt that which did coincide with them.

The power of the Bishop of Liege for their defence was not to be questioned, since his ecclesiastical dignity gave him the means of protecting the fugitives against all Christian princes; while, on the other hand, his secular forces, if not numerous, were at least sufficient to defend his person, and all under his protection, from any sudden violence. The difficulty was to reach the little Court of the Bishop in safety; but for this Louis promised to provide, by spreading a report that the Ladies of Croye had escaped from Tours by night, under fear of being delivered up to the Burgundian Envoy, and had taken their flight towards Bretagne. He also promised them the attendance of a small, but faithful retinue, and letters to the commanders of such towns and for-

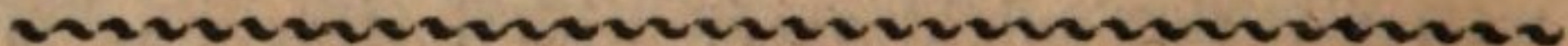


tresses as they might pass, with instructions to use every means for protecting and assisting them in their journey.

The Ladies of Croye, although internally resenting the ungenerous and discourteous manner in which Louis thus deprived them of the promised asylum in his Court, were so far from objecting to the hasty departure which he proposed, that they even anticipated his project, by entreating to be permitted to set forward that same night. The Lady Hameline was already tired of a place where there were neither admiring courtiers, nor festivities to be witnessed; and the Lady Isabelle thought she had seen enough to conclude, that were the temptation to become a little stronger, Louis XI., not satisfied with expelling them from his Court, would not hesitate to deliver her up to her irritated Suzerain, the Duke of Burgundy. Lastly, Louis himself readily acquiesced in their hasty departure, anxious to preserve peace with Duke Charles, and alarmed lest the beauty of Isabelle should interfere with and impede the favourite plan which he had formed, for bestowing the hand of his daughter Joan upon his cousin of Orleans.

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## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE JOURNEY.

*Talk not of Kings — I scorn the poor comparison;*

*I am a SAGE, and can command the elements —  
At least men think I can; and on that thought  
I found unbounded empire.*

*Albumazar.*



OCCUPATION and adventure might be said to crowd upon the young Scotchman with the force of a spring-tide, for he was speedily summoned to the apartment of his Captain, the Lord Crawford, where, to his astonishment, he again beheld the King. After a few words respecting the honour and trust which were about to be reposed in him, which made Quentin internally afraid that they



were again about to propose to him such a watch as he had kept upon the Count of Crevecœur, or perhaps some duty still more repugnant to his feelings, he was not relieved merely, but delighted, with hearing that he was selected, with the assistance of four others under his command, one of whom was a guide, to escort the Ladies of Croye to the little Court of their relative, the Bishop of Liege, in the safest and most commodious, and, at the same time, in the most secret manner possible. A scroll was given him, in which were set down directions for his guidance for the places of halt, (generally chosen in villages, monasteries, and places remote from towns,) and for the general precautions which he was to attend to, especially on approaching the frontier of Burgundy. He was sufficiently supplied with instructions what he ought to say and do to sustain the personage of the Maitre d'Hotel of two English ladies of rank, who had been on a pilgrimage to Saint Martin of Tours, and were to visit the holy city of Cologne, and worship the reliques of the sage Eastern Monarchs, who came to adore the nativity of Bethlehem; for under that character the Ladies of Croye were to journey.

Without having any defined notions of the cause of his delight, Quentin Durward's heart leapt for joy at the idea of approaching thus nearly to the person of the beauty of the turret,



and in a situation which entitled him to her confidence, since her protection was in so great a degree entrusted to his conduct and courage. He felt no doubt in his own mind that he should be her successful guide through the hazards of her pilgrimage. Youth seldom thinks of dangers, and bred up free, and fearless, and self-confiding, Quentin, in particular, only thought of them to defy them. He longed to be exempted from the restraint of the Royal presence, that he might indulge the secret glee with which such unexpected tidings filled him, and which prompted him to bursts of delight which would have been totally unfitting for that society.

But Louis had not yet done with him. That cautious Monarch had to consult a counsellor of a different stamp from Oliver le Diable, and who was supposed to derive his skill from the superior and astral intelligences, as men, judging from their fruits, were apt to think the counsels of Oliver sprung from the Devil himself.

Louis therefore led the way, followed by the impatient Quentin, to a separate tower of the Castle of Plessis, in which was installed, in no small ease and splendour, the celebrated astrologer, poet, and philosopher, Galeotti Marti, or Martius, or Martivalle, a native of Narni, in Italy, the author of the famous Treatise, *De*



*Vulgo Incognitis*,\* and the subject of his age's admiration, and of the panegyrics of Paulus Jovius. He had long flourished at the court of the celebrated Matthias Corvinus, King of Hungary, from whom he was in some measure decoyed by Louis, who grudged the Hungarian monarch the society and the counsels of a sage, accounted so skilful in reading the decrees of Heaven.

Martinvalle was none of those ascetic, withered, pale professors of mystic learning, who bleared their eyes over the midnight furnace, and macerated their bodies by outwatching the polar bear. He indulged in all courtly pleasures, and, until he grew corpulent, had excelled in all martial sports and gymnastic exercises, as well as in the use of arms; insomuch, that Janus Pannonius has left a Latin epigram, upon a wrestling match betwixt Galeotti and a renowned champion of that art, in the presence of the Hungarian King and Court, in which the Astrologer was completely victorious.

The apartments of this courtly and martial sage were far more splendidly furnished than any which Quentin had yet seen in the royal palace, and the carving and ornamented wood-work of

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\* Concerning things unknown to the generality of mankind.



his library, as well as the magnificence displayed in the tapestries, shewed the elegant taste of the learned Italian. Out of his study one door opened to his sleeping apartment, another led to the turret which served as his observatory. A large oaken table, in the midst of the apartment, was covered with a rich Turkey carpet, the spoils of the tent of a Pacha after the great battle of Jaiza, where the Astrologer had fought abreast with the valiant champion of Christendom, Matthias Corvinus. On the table lay a variety of mathematical and astrological instruments, all of the most rich materials and curious workmanship. His astrolabe of silver was the gift of the Emperor of Germany, and his Jacob's staff of ebony, jointed with gold, and curiously inlaid, was a mark of esteem from the reigning Pope.

There were various other miscellaneous articles disposed on the table, or hanging around the walls; amongst others, two complete suits of armour, one of mail, the other of plate, both of which, from their great size, seemed to call the gigantic Astrologer their owner; a Spanish toledo, a Scottish broad-sword, a Turkish scymitar, with bows, quivers, and other warlike weapons; musical instruments of several different kinds; a silver crucifix, a sepulchral antique vase, and several of the little brazen Penates of the ancient heathens, with other curious non-descript articles,



some of which, in the superstitious opinions of that period, seemed to be designed for magical purposes. The library of this singular character was of the same miscellaneous description with his other effects. Curious manuscripts of classical antiquity lay mingled with the voluminous labours of Christian divines, and of those painstaking sages who professed the chemical science, and proffered to guide their students into the most secret recesses of nature, by means of the Hermetical Philosophy. Some were written in the eastern character, and others concealed their sense or nonsense under the veil of hieroglyphics and scabulistic characters. The whole apartment, and its furniture of every kind, formed a scene very impressive on the fancy, considering the general belief then indisputably entertained, concerning the truth of the occult sciences; and that effect was increased by the manners and appearance of the individual himself, who, seated in a huge chair, was employed in curiously examining a specimen, just issued from the Frankfort press, of the newly invented art of printing.

Galeotti Martivalle was a tall, bulky, yet stately man, considerably past his prime, and whose youthful habits of exercise, though still occasionally resumed, had not been able to contend with a natural tendency to corpulence, increased by sedentary study, and indulgence in



the pleasures of the table. His features, though rather overgrown, were dignified and noble, and a Santon might have envied the dark and downward sweep of his long-descending beard. His dress was a chamber-robe of the richest Genoa velvet, with ample sleeves, clasped with frogs of gold, and lined with sables. It was fastened round his middle by a broad belt of virgin parchment, round which were represented, in crimson characters, the signs of the Zodiac. He rose and bowed to the King, yet with the air of one to whom such exalted society was familiar, and who was not at all likely to compromise the dignity then especially affected by the pursuers of science,

“You are engaged, father,” said the King, “and, as I think, with this new-fashioned art of multiplying manuscripts, by the intervention of machinery. Can things of such mechanical and terrestrial import interest the thoughts of one, before whom heaven has unrolled her own celestial volumes?”

“My brother,” replied Martivalle, — “for so the tenant of this cell must term even the King of France, when he deigns to visit him as a disciple, — believe me that, in considering the consequences of this invention, I read with as certain augury, as by any combination of the heavenly bodies, the most awful and portentous changes. When I reflect with what slow and limited sup-



plies the stream of science hath hitherto descended to us; how difficult to be obtained by those most ardent in its search; how certain to be neglected by all who regard their ease; how liable to be diverted, or altogether dried up, by the invasions of barbarism; can I look forward without wonder and astonishment, to the lot of a succeeding generation, on whom knowledge will descend like the first and second rain, uninterrupted, unabated, unbounded, fertilizing some grounds, and overflowing others; changing the whole form of social life; establishing and overthrowing religions; erecting and destroying kingdoms — — ”

“Hold, Geleotti,” said Louis, — “shall these changes come in our time?”

“No, my brother,” replied Martivalle; “this invention may be likened to a young tree, which is now newly planted, but shall, in succeeding generations, bear fruit as fatal, yet as precious, as that of the Garden of Eden, the knowledge, namely, of good and evil.”

Louis answered, after a moment's pause, “Let futurity look to what concerns them — we are men of this age, and to this age we will confine our care. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. — Tell me, hast thou proceeded farther in the horoscope which I sent to thee, and of which you made me some report? I have brought the party hither, that you may use palmistry, or



chiromancy, if such is your pleasure. The matter is pressing."

The bulky Sage arose from his seat, and, approaching the young soldier, fixed on him his keen large dark eyes, as if he were in the act of internally spelling and dissecting every lineament and feature — Blushing and borne down by this close examination on the part of one whose expression was so reverential at once and commanding, Quentin bent his eyes on the ground, and did not again raise them, till in the act of obeying the sonorous command of the Astrologer, "Look up and be not afraid, but hold forth thy hand."

When Martivalle had inspected his palm, according to the form of the mystic arts which he practised, he led the King some steps aside. — "My royal brother," he said, "the physiognomy of this youth, together with the lines impressed on his hand, confirm, in a wonderful degree, the report which I founded on his horoscope, as well as that judgment which your own proficiency in our sublime arts induced you at once to form of him. All promises that this youth will be brave and fortunate."

"And faithful?" said the King; "for valour and fortune square not always with fidelity."

"And faithful also," said the Astrologer; "for there is manly firmness in look and eye,



and his *linea vitæ* is deeply marked and clear, which indicates a true and upright adherence to those who do benefit or lodge trust in him. But yet ——”

“But what?” said the King; “Father Galeotti, wherefore do you now pause?”

“The ears of Kings,” said the Sage, “are like the palates of those dainty patients which are unable to endure the bitterness of the drugs necessary for their recovery.”

“My ears and my palate have no such niceness,” said Louis; “let me hear what is useful counsel, and swallow what is wholesome medicine. I quarrel not with the rudeness of the one, or the harsh taste of the other. I have not been cockered in wantonness or indulgence; my youth was one of exile and suffering. My ears are used to harsh counsel, and take no offence at it.”

“Then plainly, Sire,” replied Galeotti, “if you have aught in your purposed commission, which— which, in short, may startle a scrupulous conscience— entrust it not to this youth—at least, not till a few years exercise in your service has made him as unhesitating as others.”

“And is this what you hesitated to speak, my good Galeotti? and didst thou think thy speaking it would offend me?” answered the King. “Alack, I know that thou art well sensible that the path of royal policy cannot be always



squared (as that of private life ought invariably to be), by the abstract maxims of religion, and of morality. Wherefore do we, the Princes of the earth, found churches and monasteries, make pilgrimages, undergo penances, and perform devotions with which others may dispense, unless it be because the benefit of the public, and the welfare of our kingdoms, force us upon measures which grieve our consciences as Christians? But Heaven has mercy — the Church, an unbounded stock of merits, and the intercession of our Lady of Embrun, and the blessed saints, is urgent, everlasting, and omnipotent.” — He laid his hat on the table, and devoutly kneeling before the images stuck into the hat-band, repeated, in an earnest tone, “*Sancte Huberte, Sancte Juliane, Sancte Martine, Sancta Rosalia, Sancti quotquot adestis, Orate, pro me peccatore!*” He then smote his breast, arose, re-assumed his hat and continued, — “Be assured, good father, that whatever there may be in our commission, of the nature at which you have hinted, the execution shall not be entrusted to this youth, nor shall he be privy to such part of our purpose.”

“In this,” said the Astrologer, “you, my royal brother, will walk wisely. — Something may be apprehended likewise from the rashness of this your young commissioner; a failing inherent in those of sanguine complexion. But I hold that, by the



rules of art, this chance is not to be weighed against the other properties discovered from his horoscope and otherwise."

"Will this next midnight be a propitious hour in which to commence a perilous journey?" said the King. — "See, here is your Ephemerides — you see the position of the moon in regard to Saturn, and the ascendance of Jupiter — That should argue, methinks, in submission to your better art, success to him who sends forth the expedition at such an hour."

"To him who *sends forth* the expedition," said the Astrologer, after a pause, "this conjunction doth indeed promise success; but, methinks, that Saturn being combust, threatens danger and infortune to the party *sent*; whence I infer that the errand may be perilous, or even fatal, to those who are to journey. Violence and captivity, methinks, are intimated in that adverse conjunction."

"Violence and captivity to those who are sent," answered the King, "but success to the wishes of the sender — Runs it not thus, my learned father?"

"Even so," replied the Astrologer.

The King paused, without giving any further indication how far this presaging speech (probably hazarded by the Astrologer from his knowledge that the commission related to some dangerous



purpose,) squared with his real object, which, as the reader is aware, was to betray the Countess Isabelle of Croye into the hands of William de la Marck, a leader distinguished for his turbulent disposition and ferocious bravery.

The King then pulled forth a paper from his pocket, and, ere he gave it to Martivalle, said, in a tone which resembled that of an apology, — “Learned Galeotti, be not surprised, that, possessing in you an oracular treasure, superior to that lodged in the breast of any now alive, not excepting the great Nostradamus himself, I am desirous frequently to avail myself of your skill in those doubts and difficulties, which beset every Prince who hath to contend with rebellions within his land, and with external enemies, both powerful and inveterate.”

“When I was honoured with your request, Sire,” said the philosopher, “and abandoned the Court of Buda for that of Plessis, it was with the resolution to place at the command of my royal patron whatever my art had that might be of service to him.”

“Enough, good Martivalle — I pray thee attend to the import of this question.” — He proceeded to read from the paper in his hand: — “A person having on hand a weighty controversy, which is like to draw to debate either by law or by force of arms, is desirous, for the present, to seek ac-



commodation by a personal interview with his antagonist. He desires to know what day will be propitious for the execution of such a purpose; also, what is likely to be the success of such a negotiation, and whether his adversary will be moved to answer the confidence thus reposed in him, with gratitude and kindness, or may rather be likely to abuse the opportunity and advantage which such a meeting may afford him?"

"It is an important question," said Martivalle, when the King had done reading, "and requires that I should set a planetary figure, and give it instant and deep consideration."

"Let it be so, my good father in the sciences, and thou shalt know what it is to oblige a King of France. We are determined, if the constellations forbid not, — and our own humble art leads us to think that they approve our purpose, — to hazard something even in our own person, to stop these anti-Christian wars."

"May the Saints forward your Majesty's pious intent," said the Astrologer, "and guard your sacred person!"

"Thanks, learned father. — Here is something, the while, to enlarge your curious library."

He placed under one of the volumes a small purse of gold, — for, economical even in his superstitions, Louis conceived the Astrologer sufficiently bound to his service by the pensions he



had assigned him, and thought himself entitled to the use of his skill at a moderate rate, even upon great exigencies.

Louis having thus, in legal phrase, added a refreshing fee to his general retainer, turned from him to address Durward. — “Follow me,” he said, “my bonny Scot — as one chosen by Destiny and a Monarch to accomplish a bold adventure. All must be got ready, that thou may’st put foot in stirrup the very instant the bell of Saint Martin’s tolls twelve. One minute sooner, one minute later, were to forfeit the favourable aspect of the constellations which smile on your adventure.”

Thus saying, the King left the apartment, followed by his young guardsman; and no sooner were they gone, than the Astrologer gave way to very different feelings from those which seemed to animate him during the royal presence.

“The niggardly slave!” he said, weighing the purse in his hand, — for, a man of unbounded expense, he had almost constant occasion for money — “The base sordid cullion! — A coxswain’s wife would give more to know that her husband had crossed the narrow seas in safety. *He* acquire any tincture of humane letters! — yes, when prowling foxes and yelling wolves become musicians. *He* read the glorious blazoning of the firmament! — ay, when sordid moles shall become lynxes. — *Post tot promissa* — after so many promises made, to



entice me from the court of the magnificent Matthias, where Hun and Turk, Christian and Infidel, the Czar of Muscovia and the Cham of Tartary themselves, contended to load me with gifts, — doth he think I am to abide in this old Castle, like a bullfinch in a cage, fain to sing as oft as he chuses to whistle, and all for seed and water? — Not so — *aut inveniam viam, aut faciam* — I will discover or contrive a remedy. The Cardinal Balue is politic and liberal — this query shall to him, and it shall be his Eminence's own fault if the stars speak not as he would have them."

He again took the despised guerdon, and weighed it in his hand. "It may be," he said, "there is some jewel or pearl of price concealed in this paltry case — I have heard he can be liberal even to lavishness, when it suits his caprice or interest."

He emptied the purse, which contained neither more nor less than then gold pieces. The indignation of the Astrologer was extreme. — "Thinks he that for this paltry hire I will practise that celestial science which I have studied with the Armenian Abbot of Istrahoff, who had not seen the sun for forty years — with the Greek Dubravius, who is said to have raised the dead, — and have even visited the Scheik Eba Hali in his cave in the deserts of Thebais? — No, by heaven! — he



that contemns art shall perish through his own ignorance. Ten pieces! — a pittance which I am half ashamed to offer to Toinette, to buy her new breast-laces."

So saying, the indignant Sage nevertheless plunged the condemned pieces of gold into a large pouch which he wore at his girdle, which Toinette, and other abettors of lavish expence, generally contrived to empty fully faster than the philosopher, with all his art, could find the means of filling it.



## CHAPTER XIV.

THE JOURNEY.

*I see thee yet , fair France — thou favour'd land  
Of art and nature — thou art still before me ;  
Thy sons , to whom their labour is a sport ,  
So well thy grateful soil returns its tribute ;  
Thy sun - burnt daughters , with their laughing  
                                eyes  
And glossy raven locks . But , favour'd France ,  
Thou hast had many a tale of woe to tell ,  
In ancient times as now .*

*Anonymous.*

AVOIDING all conversation with any one, (for such was his charge,) Quentin Durward proceeded hastily to array himself in a strong but plain cuirass, with thigh and arm-pieces, and placed on his head a good steel-cap without any visor.



To these were added a handsome cassock of shamoy leather, finely dressed, and laced down the seams with some embroidery, such as might become a superior officer in a noble household.

These things were brought to his apartment by Oliver, who, with his quiet insinuating smile and manner, acquainted him that his uncle had been summoned to mount guard, purposely that he might make no inquiries concerning these mysterious movements.

"Your excuse will be made to your kinsman," said Oliver, smiling again; "and, my dearest son, when you return safe from the execution of this pleasing trust, I doubt not you will be found worthy of such promotion as will dispense with your accounting for your motions to any one, while it will place you at the head of those who must render an account of theirs to you."

So spoke Oliver le Diable, calculating, probably, in his own mind, the great chance there was that the poor youth, whose hand he squeezed affectionately as he spoke, must necessarily encounter death or captivity in the commission entrusted to his charge.

At a few minutes before twelve at midnight, Quentin, according to his directions, proceeded to the second court-yard, and paused under the Dauphin's Tower, which, as the reader knows, was assigned for the temporary resi-



dence of the Countesses of Croye. He found, at this place of rendezvous, the men and horses appointed to compose the retinue, leading two sumpter mules already loaded with baggage, and holding three palfreys for the two Countesses and a faithful waiting-woman, with a stately war-horse for himself, whose steel-plated saddle glanced in the pale moonlight. Not a word of recognition was spoken on either side. The men sate still in their saddles, as if they were motionless, and by the same imperfect light Quentin saw with pleasure that they were all armed, and held long lances in their hands. They were only three in number; but one of them whispered to Quentin, in a strong Gascon accent, that their guide was to join them beyond Tours.

Meantime, lights glanced to and fro at the lattices of the tower, as if there was bustle and preparation among its inhabitants. At length a small door, which led from the bottom of the tower to the court, was unclosed, and three females came forth, attended by a man wrapped in a cloak. They mounted in silence the palfreys which stood prepared for them, while their attendant on foot led the way, and gave the pass-words and signals to the watchful guards, whose posts they passed in succession. Thus they at length reached the exterior of these



formidable barriers. Here the man on foot, who had hitherto acted as their guide, paused, and spoke low and earnestly to the two foremost females.

"May heaven bless you, Sire," said a voice which thrilled upon Quentin Durward's ear, "and forgive you, even if your purposes be more interested than your words express! To be placed under the protection of the good Bishop of Liege is the utmost extent of my desire."

The person whom she thus addressed, muttered an inaudible answer, and retreated back through the barrier-gate, while Quentin thought that, by the moon-glimpse, he recognized in him the King himself, whose anxiety for the departure of his guests had probably induced him to give his presence, in case scruples should arise on their part, or difficulties on that of the guards of the Castle.

When the riders were beyond the Castle, it was necessary for some time to ride with great precaution, in order to avoid the pit-falls, snares, and similar contrivances, which were placed for the annoyance of strangers. The Gascon was, however, completely possessed of the clew to this labyrinth, and in a quarter of an hour's riding, they found themselves beyond the limits of Plessis le Parc, and not far distant from the city of Tours.



The moon, which had now extricated herself from the clouds through which she was formerly wading, shed a full sea of glorious light upon a landscape equally glorious. They saw the princely Loire rolling his majestic tide through the richest plain in France, and sweeping along between banks ornamented with towers and terraces, and with olives and vineyards. They saw the walls of the ancient capital of Touraine raising their portal-towers and embattlements white in the moonlight, while, from within their circle, rose the immense gothic mass which the devotion of the sainted Bishop Perpetuus erected, as early as the fifth century, and which the zeal of Charlemagne and his successors had enlarged with such architectural splendour, as rendered it the most magnificent church in France. The towers of the church of Saint Gatien were also visible, and the gloomy strength of the Castle, which was said to have been, in ancient times, the residence of the Emperor Valentinian.

Even the circumstances in which he was placed, though of a nature so engrossing, did not prevent the wonder and delight with which the young Scotchman, accustomed to the waste though impressive landscape of his own mountains, and the poverty even of his country's most stately scenery, looked in a scene, which art and nature seemed to have vied in adorning with their



richest splendour. But he was recalled to the business of the moment by the voice of the elder lady (pitched at least an octave higher than those soft tones which bid adieu to King Louis), demanding to speak with the leader of the band. Spurring his horse forward, Quentin reverently presented himself to the ladies in that capacity, and thus underwent the interrogatories of the Lady Hameline.

“What was his name, and what his degree?”

He told both.

“Was he perfectly acquainted with the road?”

“He could not,” he replied, “pretend to much knowledge of the route, but he was furnished with full instructions, and he was, at their first resting-place, to be provided with a guide, in all respects competent to the task of directing their farther journey; meanwhile, a horseman who had just joined them, and made the number of their guard four, was to be their guide for the first stage.”

“And wherefore were you selected for such a duty, young gentleman?” said the lady — “I am told you are the same youth who was lately upon guard in the gallery in which we met the Princess of France. You seem young and inexperienced for such a charge — a stranger, too, in France, and speaking the language as a foreigner.”

“I am bound to obey the commands of the



King, madam, but not to reason on them," answered the young soldier.

"Are you of noble birth?" said the same querist.

"I may safely affirm so, madam," replied Quentin.

"And are you not," said the younger lady, addressing him in her turn, but with a timorous accent, "the same whom I saw when I was called to wait upon the King at yonder inn?"

Lowering his voice, perhaps from similar feelings of timidity, Quentin answered in the affirmative.

"Then, methinks, my cousin," said the Lady Isabelle, addressing the Lady Hameline, "we must be safe under this young gentleman's safeguard; he looks not, at least, like one to whom the execution of a plan of treacherous cruelty upon two helpless women could be with safety entrusted."

"On my honour, madam," said Durward, "by the fame of my House, by the bones of my ancestry, I could not, for France and Scotland laid into one, be guilty of treachery or cruelty towards you!"

"You speak well; young man," said the Lady Hameline; "but we are accustomed to hear fair speeches from the King of France and his agents. It was by these that we were induced, when the protection of the Bishop of Liege might have been



attained with less risk than now, or when we might have thrown ourselves on that of Winceslaus of Germany, or of Edward of England, to seek refuge in France. And in what did the promises of the King result? In an obscure and shameful concealing of us, under plebeian names, as a sort of prohibited wares, in yonder paltry hostelry, when we, — who, as thou knowest, Marthon, (addressing her domestic,) never put on our head-tire save under a canopy, and upon a dais of three degrees, — were compelled to attire ourselves, standing on the simple floor, as if we had been two milk-maids.”

Marthon admitted that her lady spoke a most melancholy truth.

“I would that had been the sorest evil, dear kinswoman,” said the Lady Isabelle; “I could gladly have dispensed with state.”

“But not with society,” said the other Countess; “that, my sweet cousin, was impossible.”

“I would have dispensed with all, my dearest kinswoman,” answered Isabelle, in a voice which penetrated to the very heart of her young conductor and guard, “with all, for a safe and honourable retirement. I wish not — God knows, I never wished — to occasion war betwixt France and my native Burdundy, or that lives should be lost for such as me. I only implored permission to retire to the Convent of Marmonthier, or to any other holy sanctuary.”



“You spoke then like a fool, my cousin,” answered the elder lady, “and not like a daughter of my noble brother. It is well there is still one alive, who hath some of the spirit of the noble House of Croye. How should a high-born lady be known from a sun-burnt milk-maid, save that spears are broken for the one, and only hazel-poles for the other? I tell you, maiden, that while I was in the very earliest bloom, scarcely older than yourself, the famous Passage of Arms at Haflingham was held in my honour; the challengers were four, the assailants so many as twelve. It lasted three days; and cost the lives of two adventurous knights, the fracture of one back-bone, one collar-bone, three legs, and two arms, besides flesh-wounds and bruises beyond the heralds’ counting; and thus have the ladies of our House ever been honoured. Ah, had you but half the heart of your noble ancestry, you would find means at some court, where ladies’ love and fame in arms are still prized, to maintain a tournament, at which your hand should be the prize, as was that of your great-grandmother of blessed memory, at the spear-running of Strasbourg; and thus should you gain the best Lance in Europe, to maintain the rights of the House of Croye, both against the oppression of Burgundy and the policy of France.”

“But, fair kinswoman,” answered the younger



Countess, "I have been told by my old nurse, that although the Rhingrave was the best lance at the great tournament at Strasburgh, and so won the hand of my respected grandmother, yet the match was no happy one, as he used often to scold, and sometimes to beat, my great-grandmother of blessed memory."

"And wherefore not?" said the elder Countess, in her romantic enthusiasm for the profession of chivalry; "why should those victorious arms, accustomed to blows abroad, be bound to restrain their energies at home? A thousand times rather would I be beaten twice a-day, by a husband whose arm was as much feared by others as by me, than be the wife of a coward, who dared neither to lift hand to his wife, nor to any one else!"

"I should wish you joy of such a restless mate, fair aunt," replied Isabelle, "without envying you; for if broken bones be lovely in tourneys, there is nothing less amiable in ladies' bower."

"Nay, but the beating is no necessary consequence of wedding with a knight of fame in arms; though it is true that our ancestor of blessed memory, the Rhingrave Gottfried, was something rough-tempered, and addicted to the use of Rhein-wein. — The very perfect knight is a lamb among ladies, and a lion among lances. There was Thibault of Montigni — God be with him! —



he was the kindest soul alive, and not only was he never so discourteous as to lift hand against his lady, but, by our good dame, he who beat all enemies without doors, found a fair foe who could belabour him within. — Well, 'twas his own fault — he was one of the challengers at the Passage of Haflingham, and so well bestirred himself, that, if it had pleased Heaven, and your grandfather, there might have been a lady of Montigni, who had used his gentle nature more gently."

The Countess Isabelle, who had some reason to dread this Passage of Haflingham, it being a topic upon which her aunt was at all times very diffuse, suffered the conversation to drop; and Quentin, with the natural politeness of one who had been gently nurtured, dreading lest his presence might be a restraint on their conversation, rode forward to join the guide, as if to ask him some questions concerning their route.

Meanwhile, the ladies continued their journey in silence, or in such conversation as is not worth narrating, until day began to break; and as they had then been on horseback for several hours, Quentin, anxious lest they should be fatigued, became impatient to know their distance from the nearest resting-place.

"I will shew it you," answered the guide, "in half an hour."



“And then you leave us to other guidance?” continued Quentin.

“Even so, Seignor Archer,” replied the man; “my journies are always short and straight. — When you and others, Seignor Archer, go by the bow, I always go by the cord.”

The moon had by this time long decayed, and the lights of dawn were beginning to spread bright and strong in the east, and to gleam on the bosom of a small lake, on the verge of which they had been riding for a short space of time. This lake lay in the midst of a wide plain, scattered over with single trees, groves, and thickets; but which might be yet termed open, so that objects began to be discerned with sufficient accuracy. Quentin cast his eye on the person whom he rode beside, and under the shadow of a slouched overspreading hat, which resembled the sombrero of a Spanish peasant, he recognized the facetious features of the same Petit-André, whose fingers, not long since, had, in concert with those of his lugubrious brother, Trois-Eschelles, been so unpleasantly active about his throat. — Impelled by aversion, not altogether unmixed with fear, (for in his own country the executioner is regarded with almost superstitious horror,) which his late narrow escape had not diminished, Durward instinctively moved his horse's head to the right, and pressing him at the same time with the spur,



made a demi-volte, which separated him eight feet from his hateful companion.

“Ho, ho, ho, ho!” exclaimed Petit-André; “by our Lady of the Gréve, our young soldier remembers us of old. — What, comrade, you bear no malice, I trust? — every one wins his bread in his country. No man need be ashamed of having come through my hands, for I will do my work with any that ever tied a living weight to a dead tree. — And God hath given me grace to be such a merry fellow withal — Ha! ha! ha! — I could tell you such jests I have cracked between the foot of the ladder and the top of the gallows, that, by my halidome, I have been obliged to do my job rather hastily, for fear the fellows should die with laughing, and so shame my mystery!”

As he thus spoke, he edged his horse sideways, to regain the interval which the Scot had left between them, saying at the same time, “Come, Seignor Archer, let there be no unkindness betwixt us! — For my part, I always do my duty without malice, and with a light heart, and I never love a man better than when I have put my scant-of-wind collar about his neck, to dub him Knight of the Order of Saint Patibularius, as the Provost’s Chaplain, the worthy Father Vaconeldiablo, is wont to call the Patron Saint of the Provostry.”



“Keep back, thou wretched object!” exclaimed Quentin, as the finisher of the law again sought to approach him closer, “or I will be tempted to teach you the distance that should be betwixt men of honour, and such an outcast.”

“La you there, how hot you are!” said the fellow; “had you said men of *honesty*, there had been some savour of truth in it; — but for men of *honour*, good lack, I have to deal with them every day, as nearly and closely as I was about to do business with you. — But peace be with you, and keep your company to yourself. I would have bestowed a flagon of Auvernât upon you to wash away every unkindness — but you scorn my courtesy. — Well. Be as churlish as you list — I never quarrel with my customers — my jerry-come-tumbles, my merry dancers, my little play-fellows, as Jacques Butcher says to his lambs — those in fine, who, like your seignorship, have H. E. M. P. written on their foreheads — No, no, let them use me as they list, they shall have my good service at last — and yourself shall see, when you next come under Petit-André’s hands, that he knows how to forgive an injury.”

So saying, and summing up the whole with a provoking wink, and such an interjectional *tchick* as may quicken a dull horse with, Petit-André drew off to the other side of the path, and left the youth to digest the taunts he had treated him



with, as his proud Scotch stomach best might. A strong desire had Quentin to have belaboured him while the staff of his lance could hold together; but he put a restraint on his passion, recollecting that a brawl with such a character could be creditable at no time or place, and that a quarrel of any kind, on the present occasion, would be a breach of duty, and might involve the most perilous consequences. He therefore swallowed his wrath at the ill timed and professional jokes of Mons. Petit-André, and contented himself with devoutly hoping that they had not reached the ears of his fair charge, on which they could not be supposed to make an impression in favour of himself, as one obnoxious to such sarcasms. But he was speedily roused from such thoughts by the cry of both the ladies at once, «Look back — look back! — For the love of Heaven look to yourself, and us — we are pursued!»

Quentin hastily looked back, and saw that two armed men were in fact following them, and riding at such a pace as must soon bring them up with their party. «It can,” he said, «be only some of the Provostry making their rounds in the Forest. — Do thou look,” he said to Petit-André, «and see what they may be.”

Petit André obeyed; and rolling himself loosely in the saddle after he had made his observations, replied, «These, fair sir, are neither your



comrades nor mine — neither Archers nor Marshalmen — for I think they wear helmets, with visors lowered, and gorgets of the same. — A plague upon these gorgets, of all other pieces of armour! — I have fumbled with them an hour before I could undo the rivets.”

“Do you, gracious ladies,” said Durward, without attending to Petit-André, “ride forward — not so fast as to raise an opinion of your being in flight, and yet fast enough to avail yourself of the impediment which I shall presently place between you and these men who follow us.”

The Countess Isabelle looked to their guide, and then whispered her aunt, who spoke to Quentin thus — “We have confidence in your care, fair Archer, and will abide rather the risk of whatever may chance in your company, than we will go onward with that man, whose mien is, we think, of no good augury.”

“Be it as you will, ladies,” said the youth — “There are but two who come after us, and though they be knights, as their arms seem to shew, they shall, if they have any evil purpose, learn how a Scotchman can do his devoir in the presence and defence of such as you are. — Which of you there,” he continued, addressing the guards whom he commanded, “is willing to be my comrade, and to break a lance with these gallants?”

Two of the men obviously faltered in reso-



lution; but the third, Bertrand Cuyot, swore, « that, *cap de diou*, were they Knights of King Arthur's Round Table, he would try their mettle, for the honour of Gascony.”

While he spoke, the two knights, for they seemed of no less rank, came up with the rear of the party, in which Quentin, with his sturdy adherent, had by this time stationed himself. They were fully accoutred in excellent armour of polished steel, without any device by which they could be distinguished.

One of them, as they approached, called out to Quentin, « Sir Squire, give place — we come to relieve you of a charge which is above your rank and condition. You will do well to leave these ladies in our care, who are fitter to wait upon them, especially as we know that in yours they are litte better than captives.”

« In return to your demand, sirs,” replied Durward, « know, in the first place, that I am discharging the duty imposed upon me by my present Sovereign; and next, that however unworthy I may be, the ladies desire to abide under my protection.”

« Out, sirrah!” exclaimed one of the champions; « will you, a wandering beggar, put yourself on terms of resistance against belted knights?”

« They are indeed terms of resistance,” said Quentin, « since they oppose your insolent and



unlawful aggression; and if there be difference of rank between us, which as yet I know not, your discourtesy has done it away. Draw your sword, or, if you will use the lance, take ground for your career."

While the knights turned their horses, and rode back to the distance of about a hundred and fifty yards, Quentin, looking to the ladies, bent low on his saddle-bow, as if desiring their favourable regard, and as they streamed towards him their kerchiefs, in token of encouragement, the two assailants had gained the distance necessary for their charge.

Calling to the Gascon to bear himself like a man, Durward put his steed into motion; and the four horsemen met in full career in the midst of the ground which at first separated them. The shock was fatal to the poor Gascon; for his adversary, aiming at his face, which was undefended by a visor, run him through the eye into the brain, so that he fell dead from his horse.

On the other hand, Quentin, though labouring under the same disadvantage, swayed himself in the saddle so dexterously, that the hostile lance, slightly scratching his cheek, passed over his right shoulder; while his own spear, striking his antagonist fair upon the breast, hurled him to the ground. Quentin jumped off, to unhelm his fallen opponent; but the other knight, (who, by the way,



had never yet spoken,) seeing the fortune of his companion, dismounted still more speedily than Durward, and bestriding his friend, who lay senseless, exclaimed, « In the name of God and Saint Martin, mount, good fellow, and get thee gone with thy woman's ware! — Ventre Saint Gris, they have caused mischief enough this morning.»

« By your leave, Sir Knight, » said Quentin, who could not brook the menacing tone in which this advice was given, « I will first see whom I have had to do with, and learn who is to answer for the death of my comrade.»

« That shalt thou never live to know or to tell, » answered the Knight. « Get thee back in peace, good fellow. If we were fools for interrupting your passage, we have had the worse, for thou hast done more evil than the lives of thou and thy whole band could repay. — Nay, if thou *wilt* have it, (for Quentin now drew his sword, and advanced on him,) take it with a vengeance!»

So saying, he dealt the Scot such a blow on the helmet, as, till that moment, (though bred where good blows were plenty,) he had only read of in romance. It descended like a thunderbolt, beating down the guard which the young soldier had raised to protect his head, and, reaching his helmet of proof, cut it through so far as to touch his hair, but without farther injury; while Durward, dizzy, stunned, and beaten



down on one knee, was for an instant at the mercy of the knight, had it pleased him to second his blow. But compassion for Quentin's youth, or admiration of his courage, or a generous love of fair play, made him withhold from taking such advantage; while Quentin, collecting himself, sprung up and attacked his antagonist with the energy of one determined to conquer or die, and at the same time with the presence of mind necessary for fighting the quarrel out to the best advantage. Resolved not again to expose himself to such dreadful blows as he had just sustained, he employed the advantage of superior agility, increased by the comparative lightness of his armour, to harass his antagonist, by traversing on all sides, with a suddenness of motion and rapidity of attack, against which the knight, in his heavy panoply, found it difficult to defend himself without much fatigue.

It was in vain that this generous antagonist called aloud to Quentin, "that there now remained no cause of fight betwixt them, and that he was loath to be constrained to do him injury." Listening only to the suggestions of a passionate wish to redeem the shame of his temporary defeat, Durward continued to assail him with the rapidity of lightning — now menacing him with the edge, now with the point of his sword — and ever keeping such an eye on the motions of his



opponent, of whose superior strength he had had terrible proof, that he was ready to spring backward, or aside, from under the blows of his tremendous weapon.

« Now the devil be with thee for an obstinate and presumptuous fool,” muttered the Knight, « that cannot be quiet till thou art knocked on the head!” So saying, he changed his mode of fighting, collected himself as if to stand on the defensive, and seemed contented with parrying, instead of returning, the blows which Quentin unceasingly aimed at him, with the internal resolution, that the instant when either loss of breath, or any false or careless pass of the young soldier, should give an opening, he would put an end to the fight by a single blow. It is likely he might have succeeded in this artful policy, but Fate had ordered it otherwise.

The duel was still at the hottest, when a large party of horse rode up, crying, « Hold, in the King’s name!” Both champions stepped back — and Quentin saw, with surprise, that his Captain, Lord Crawford, was at the head of the party who had thus interrupted their combat. There was also Tristan l’Hermite, with two or three of his followers; making, in all, perhaps twenty horse.

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## CHAPTER XV.

### THE GUIDE.

*He was a son of Egypt, as he told me,  
And one descended from those dread magicians,  
Who waged rash war, when Israel dwelt in  
Goshen,  
With Israel and her Prophet — matching rod  
With his the sons of Levi's — and encountering  
Jehovah's miracles with incantations,  
Till upon Egypt came the avenging Angel,  
And those proud sages wept for their first-born,  
As wept the unletter'd peasant.*

*Anonymous.*

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THE arrival of Lord Crawford and his guard put an immediate end to the engagement which we endeavoured to describe in the last chapter; and the Knight, throwing off his helmet, hastily gave the old Lord his sword, saying, «Craw-



ford, I render myself — But hither — and lend me your ear — a word, for God's sake — save the Duke of Orleans!”

“How? — what? — the Duke of Orleans!” exclaimed the Scottish commander, — “How came this, in the name of the foul fiend? It will ruin the callant with the King, for ever and a day.”

“Ask no questions,” said Dunois — for it was no other than he — “it was all my fault. — See, he stirs. I came forth but to have a snatch at yonder damsel, and make myself a landed and a married man — and see what is come on't. Keep back your canaille — let no man look upon him.” So saying, he opened the visor of Orleans, and threw water on his face, which was afforded by the neighbouring lake.

Quentin Durward, meanwhile, stood like one planet-struck; so fast did new adventures pour in upon him. He had now, as the pale features of his first antagonist assured him, borne to the earth the first Prince of the blood in France, and had measured swords with her best champion, the celebrated Dunois; — both of them achievements honourable in themselves; but whether they might be called good service to the King, was a very different question.

The Duke had now recovered his breath, and was able to sit up and give attention to what passed betwixt Dunois and Crawford, while the former



pleaded eagerly, that there was no occasion to mention in the matter the name of the most noble Orleans, while he was ready to take the whole blame on his own shoulders; and to avouch that the Duke had only come thither in friendship to him.

Lord Crawford continued listening, with his eyes fixed on the ground, and from time to time he sighed and shook his head. At length he said, looking up, "Thou knowest, Dunois, that, for thy father's sake, as well as thine own, I would full fain do thee a service."

"It is not for myself I demand any thing," answered Dunois. "Thou hast my sword, and I am your prisoner — what needs more? — But it is for this noble Prince, the only hope of France, if God should call the Dauphin. He only came hither to do me a favour — in an effort to make my fortune — in a matter which the King had partly encouraged."

"Dunois," replied Crawford, "if another had told me thou hadst brought the noble Prince into this jeopardy to serve any purpose of thine own, I had told them it was false. And now, that thou doest thyself so, I can hardly believe it is for the sake of speaking the truth."

"Noble Crawford," said Orleans, who had now entirely recovered from his swoon, "you are too like in character to your friend Dunois, not to



do him justice. It was indeed I that dragged him hither, most unwillingly, upon an enterprize of hair-brained passion, suddenly and rashly undertaken. — Look on me all who will," he added, rising up and turning to the soldiery — "I am Louis of Orleans, willing to pay the penalty of my own folly. I trust the King will limit his displeasure to me, as is but just. — Meanwhile, as a Child of France must not give up his sword to any one — not even to you, brave Crawford — fare thee well, good steel."

So saying, he drew his sword from its scabbard, and flung it into the lake. It went through the air like a stream of lightning, and sunk in the flashing waters, which speedily closed over it. All remained standing in irresolution and astonishment, so high was the rank, and so much esteemed was the character, of the culprit; while at the same time, all were conscious that the consequences of his rash enterprize, considering the views which the King had upon him, were likely to end in his utter ruin.

Dunois was the first who spoke, and it was in the chiding tone of an offended, and distrusted friend: — "So! your Highness hath judged it fit to cast away your best sword, in the same morning when it was your pleasure to fling away the King's favour, and to slight the friendship of Dunois?"



“My dearest kinsman,” said the Duke, “when or how was it in my purpose to slight your friendship, by telling the truth when it was due to your safety and my honour?”

“What had you to do with my safety, my most princely cousin, I would pray to know?” answered Dunois shortly; — “What, in God’s name, was it to you, if I had a mind to be hanged, or strangled, or flung into the Loire, or poniarded, or broke on the wheel, or hung up alive in an iron cage, or buried alive in a castle-fosse, or disposed of in any other way in which it might please King Louis to dispose of his faithful subject? — (you need not wink and frown, and point to Tristan l’Hermite — I see the scoundrel as well as you do.) But it would not have stood so hard with me — And so much for my safety. And then for your own honour — by the blush of Saint Magdalene, I think the honour would have been to have missed this morning’s work, or kept it out of sight. Here has your highness got yourself unhorsed by a wild Scottish boy.”

“Tut, tut!” said Lord Crawford; “never shame thee for that. — It is not the first time a Scottish boy hath broke a good lance — I am glad the youth hath borne him well.”

“I will say nothing to the contrary,” said Dunois; “yet, had your Lordship come something later than you did, there might have been a vacancy in your band of Archers.”



“Ay, ay,” answered Lord Crawford; “I can read your hand-writing in that cleft morion. — Some one take it from the lad, and give him a bonnet, which, with its steel lining, will keep his head better than that broken loom. — And, Dunois, I must now request the Duke of Orleans and you to take horse and accompany me, as I have power and commission to convey you to a place different from that which my good will might assign you.”

“May I not speak one word, my Lord of Crawford, to yonder fair ladies?” said the Duke of Orleans.

“Not one syllable,” answered Lord Crawford; “I am too much a friend of your highness, to permit such an act of folly.” — Then addressing Quentin, he added, “You, young man, have done your duty. Go on to obey the charge with which you are entrusted.”

“Under favour, my Lord,” said Tristan, with his usual brutality of manner, “the youth must find another guide. I cannot want Petit-André, when there is so like to be business on hand for him.”

“The young man,” said Petit-André, now coming forward, “has only to keep the path which lies straight before him, and it will conduct him to a place where he will find the man who is to act as his guide. — I would not for a thousand ducats be absent from my Chief this day!



I have hanged knights and squires many a one, and wealthy Echevins, and burgo-masters to boot — even counts and marquesses have tasted of my handy-work — but, a-humph” — He looked at the Duke as if to intimate that he would have filled up the blank, with “a Prince of the blood!” — “Ho, ho, ho! Petit-André, thou wilt be read of in Chronicle.”

“Do you permit your ruffians to hold such language in such a presence?” said Crawford, looking sternly to Tristan.

“Why do you not correct him yourself, my Lord?” said Tristan, sullenly.

“Because thy hand is the only one in this company that can beat him, without being degraded by such an action.”

“Then rule your own men, my Lord, and I will be answerable for mine,” said the Provost-Marshal.

Lord Crawford seemed about to give a passionate reply; but, as if he had thought better of it, turned his back short upon Tristan, and requesting the Duke of Orleans, and Dunois, to ride one on either hand of him, he made a signal of adieu to the ladies, and said to Quentin, “God bless thee, my child; thou hast begun thy service valiantly, though in an unhappy cause.” He was about to go off — when Quentin could hear Dunois whisper to Crawford, “Do you carry us to Plessis?”



“No, my unhappy and rash friend,” answered Crawford, with a sigh; “to Loches.”

“To Loches!” The sound of a name yet more dreaded than Plessis itself, fell like a death-toll upon the ear of the young Scotchman. He had heard it described as a place destined to the workings of those secret acts of cruelty with which even Louis shamed to pollute the interior of his own residence. There were in this place of terror dungeons under dungeons, some of them unknown even to the keepers themselves; living graves, to which men were consigned with little hope of farther employment during the rest of their life, than to breathe impure air, and feed on bread and water. At this formidable castle were also those dreadful places of confinement called *cages*, in which the wretched prisoner could neither stand upright, nor stretch himself at length, an invention, it is said, of the Cardinal Balue. It is no wonder that the name of this place of horrors, and the consciousness that he had been partly the means of dispatching thither two such illustrious victims, struck such sadness into the heart of the young Scot, that he rode for some time with his head dejected, his eyes fixed on the ground, and his heart filled with the most painful reflections.

As he was now again at the head of the little troop, and pursuing the road which had been



pointed out to him, the Lady Hameline had an opportunity to say to him, —

“Methinks, fair sir, you regret the victory which your gallantry has attained in our behalf?”

There was something in the question which sounded like irony, but Quentin had tact enough to answer simply and with sincerity.

“I can regret nothing that is done in the service of such ladies as you are; but, methinks, had it consisted with your safety, I had rather have fallen by the sword of so good a soldier as Dunois, than have been the means of consigning that renowned knight and his unhappy chief, the Duke of Orleans, to yonder fearful dungeons.”

“It was, then, the Duke of Orleans,” said the elder lady, turning to her niece. “I thought so, even at the distance from which we beheld the fray. — You see, kinswoman, what we might have been, had this sly and avaricious monarch permitted us to be seen at his court. The first Prince of the blood of France, and the valiant Dunois, whose name is known as wide as that of his heroic father — This young gentleman did his devoir bravely and well; but methinks ’tis pity that he did not succumb with honour, since his ill-advised gallantry has stood betwixt us and these princely rescuers.”



The Countess Isabelle replied in a firm and almost a displeased tone; with an energy, in short, which Quentin had not yet seen her use.

“Madam,” she said, “but that I know you jest, I would say your speech is ungrateful to our brave defender, to whom we owe more, perhaps, than you are aware of. Had these gentlemen succeeded so far in that rash enterprize as to have defeated our escort, is it not still evident, that, on the arrival of the Royal Guard, we must have shared their captivity? For my own part, I give tears, and will soon bestow masses, on the brave man who has fallen, and I trust (she continued, more timidly) that he who lives will accept my grateful thanks.”

As Quentin turned his face towards her, to return the fitting acknowledgments, she saw the blood which streamed down one side of his face, and exclaimed, in a tone of deep feeling, “Holy Virgin, he is wounded! he bleeds!—Dismount, sir, and let your wound be bound up.”

In spite of all that Durward could say of the slightness of his hurt, he was compelled to dismount, and to seat himself on a bank, and unhelmet himself, while the ladies of Croye, who, according to a fashion not as yet antiquated, pretended some knowledge of leech-craft, washed the wound, staunched the blood, and bound it with the kerchief of the younger Countess, in



order to exclude the air, for so their practice prescribed.

In modern times, gallants seldom or never take wounds for ladies' sake, and damsels on their side never meddle with the cure of wounds. Each has a danger the less. That which the men escape will be generally acknowledged; but the peril of dressing such a slight wound as that of Quentin's, which involved nothing formidable or dangerous, was perhaps as real in its way as that of encountering it.

We have already said the patient was eminently handsome; and the removal of his helmet, or, more properly, of his morion, had suffered his fair locks to escape in profusion, around a countenance in which the hilarity of youth was qualified by a blush of modesty at once and pleasure. And then the feelings of the younger Countess, when compelled to hold the kerchief to the wound, while her aunt sought in their baggage for some vulnerary remedy, were mingled at once with a sense of delicacy and embarrassment; a thrill of pity for the patient, and of gratitude for his services, which exaggerated, in her eyes, his good mien and handsome features. In short, this incident seemed intended by Fate to complete the mysterious communication which she had, by many petty and apparently accidental circumstances, established betwixt two persons,



who, though far different in rank and fortune, strongly resembled each other in youth, beauty, and the romantic tenderness of an affectionate disposition. It was no wonder, therefore, that from this moment the thoughts of the Countess Isabelle, already so familiar to his imagination, should become paramount in Quentin's bosom, nor that, if the maiden's feelings were of a less decided character, at least so far as known to herself, she should think of her young defender, to whom she had just rendered a service so interesting, with more emotion than of any of the whole band of high born nobles who had for two years past besieged her with their adoration. Above all, when the thought of Campo-Basso, the unworthy favourite of Duke Charles, with his hypocritical mien, his base, treacherous spirit, his wry neck, and his squint, occurred to her, his portrait was more disgustingly hideous than ever, and deeply did she resolve no tyranny should make her enter into so hateful a union.

In the mean time, whether the good Lady Hameline of Croye understood and admired masculine beauty as much as when she was fifteen years younger, (for the good Countess was at least thirty-five, if the records of that noble house speak the truth,) or whether she thought she had done their young protector less justice than she ought, in the first view which she had taken of



his services, it is certain that he began to find favour in her eyes.

"My niece," she said, "has bestowed on you a kerchief for the binding of your wound; I will give you one to grace your gallantry, and to encourage you in your further progress in chivalry."

So saying, she gave him a richly embroidered kerchief of blue and silver, and pointing to the housing of her palfrey, and the plumes in her riding-cap, desired him to observe that the colours were the same.

The fashion of the time prescribed one absolute mode of receiving such a favour, which Quentin followed accordingly, by tying the napkin around his arm; yet his manner of acknowledgment had more of awkwardness, and less of gallantry in it, than perhaps it might have had at another time, and in another presence; for though the wearing of a lady's favour, given in such a manner, was merely matter of general compliment, he would much rather have preferred the right of displaying on his arm that which bound the wound inflicted by the sword of Dunois.

Meantime they continued their pilgrimage, Quentin now riding abreast of the ladies, into whose society he seemed to be tacitly adopted. He did not speak much, however, being



filled by the silent consciousness of happiness, which is afraid of giving too strong vent to its feelings. The Countess Isabelle spoke still less, so that the conversation was chiefly carried on by the Lady Hameline, who shewed no inclination to let it drop; for, to initiate the young Archer, as she said, into the principles and practice of chivalry, she detailed to him, at full length, the Passage of Arms at Haflingham, where she had distributed the prizes among the victors.

Not much interested, I am sorry to say, in the description of this splendid scene, or in the heraldic bearings of the different Flemish and German knights, which the lady blazoned with pitiless accuracy, Quentin began to entertain some alarm lest he should have passed the place where his guide was to join him — a most serious disaster, and from which, should it really have taken place, the very worst consequences were to be apprehended.

While he hesitated whether it would be better to send back one of his followers, to see whether this might not be the case, he heard the blast of a horn, and looking in the direction from which the sound came, beheld a horseman riding very fast towards them. The low size, and wild, shaggy, untrained state of the animal, reminded Quentin of the mountain breed of horses in his own country; but this was much more finely



limbed, and, with the same appearance of hardness, was more rapid in its movements. The head particularly, which, in the Scottish poney, is often lumpish and heavy, was small and well placed in the neck of this animal, with thin jaws, full sparkling eyes, and expanded nostrils.

The rider was even more singular in his appearance than the horse which he rode, though that was extremely unlike the horses of France. Although he managed his palfrey with great dexterity, he sat with his feet in broad stirrups, something resembling a shovel, so short, that his knees were well nigh as high as the pommel of his saddle. His dress was a red turban of small size, in which he wore a sullied plume, secured by a clasp of silver; his tunic, which was shaped like those of the Estradiots, a sort of troops whom the Venetians at that time levied in the provinces, on the eastern side of their gulf, was green in colour, and tawdrily laced with gold; he wore very wide drawers or trowsers of white, though none of the cleanest, which gathered beneath the knee, and his swarthy legs were quite bare, unless for the complicated laces which bound a pair of sandals on his feet; he had no spurs, the edge of his large stirrups being so sharp as to serve to goad the horse in a very severe manner. In a crimson sash this singular horseman wore a dagger on the right side, and



on the left a short crooked Moorish sword, and by a tarnished baldrick over the shoulder hung the horn which announced his approach. He had a swarthy and sun-burnt visage, with a thin beard, and piercing dark eyes, a well-formed mouth and nose, and other features which might have been pronounced handsome, but for the black elf-locks which hung around his face, and the air of wildness and emaciation, which rather seemed to indicate a savage than a civilized man.

“He also is a Bohemian,” said the ladies to each other; “Holy Mary, will the King again place confidence in these outcasts?”

“I will question the man, if it be your pleasure,” said Quentin, “and assure myself of his fidelity as I best may.”

Durward, as well as the Ladies of Croye, had recognized in this man’s dress and appearance, the habit and the manners of those vagrants, with whom he had nearly been confounded by the hasty proceedings of Trois-Eschelles and Petit-André, and he too entertained very natural apprehensions concerning the risk of reposing trust in one of that vagrant race.

“Art thou come hither to seek us?” was his first question.

The stranger nodded.

“And for what purpose?”

“To guide you to the Palace of Him of Liege.”



“Of the Bishop?”

The Bohemian again nodded.

“What token canst thou give me, that we should yield credence to thee?”

“Even the old rhyme, and no other,” answered the Bohemian, —

“The page slew the boar,  
The peer had the gloire.”

“A true token,” said Quentin; “Lead on, good fellow — I will speak further with thee presently.” Then falling back to the ladies, he said, “I am convinced this man is the guide we are to expect, for he hath brought me a pass-word, known, I think, but to the King and me. But I will discourse with him further, and endeavour to ascertain how far he is to be trusted.”

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## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE VAGRANT.

*I am as free as Nature first made man,  
Ere the base laws of servitude began,  
When wild in woods the noble savage ran.*

### *The Conquest of Grenada.*

WHILE Quentin held the brief communication with the ladies necessary to assure them that this extraordinary addition to their party was the guide whom they were to expect on the King's part, he noticed, (for he was as alert in observing the motions of the stranger, as the Bohemian could be on his part,) that the man not only turned his head as far back as he could, to peer at them, but that, with a singular sort of agility, more resembling that of a monkey than of a man, he had screwed his whole person around on the



saddle, so as to sit almost sidelong upon the horse, for the convenience, as it seemed, of watching them more attentively.

Not greatly pleased with this manœuvre, Quentin rode up to the Bohemian, and said to him, as he suddenly assumed his proper position on the horse, «Methinks, friend, you will prove but a blind guide, if you look at the tail of your horse rather than his ears.»

«And if I were actually blind,” answered the Bohemian, «I could guide you through any county in this realm of France, or in those adjoining to it.»

«Yet you are no Frenchman born,” said the Scot.

«I am not,” answered the guide.

«What countryman, then, are you?” demanded Quentin.

«I am of no country,” answered the guide.

«How! of no country?” repeated the Scot.

«No,” answered the Bohemian, «of none. I am a Zingaro, a Bohemian, an Egyptian, or whatever the Europeans, in their different languages, may chuse to call our people; but I have no country.»

«Are you a Christian?” asked the Scotchman.

The Bohemian shook his head.

«Dog,” said Quentin, (for there was little to



leration in the spirit of Catholicism in those days,) "doest thou worship Mahoun?"

"No," was the indifferent and concise answer of the guide, who neither seemed offended nor surprised at the young man's violence of manner.

"Are you a Pagan then, or what are you?"

"I have no religion," answered the Bohemian.

Durward started back; for, though he had heard of Saracens and Idolaters, it had never entered into his ideas or belief, that any body of men could exist who practised no mode of worship whatsoever. He recovered from his astonishment, to ask where his guide usually dwelt.

"Wherever I chance to be for the time," replied the Bohemian. "I have no home."

"How do you guard your property?"

"Excepting the clothes which I wear, and the horse I ride on, I have no property."

"Yet you dress gaily, and ride gallantly," said Durward. "What are your means of subsistence?"

"I eat when I am hungry, drink when I am thirsty, and have no other means of subsistence than chance throws in my way," replied the vagabond.

"Under whose laws do you live?"

"I acknowledge obedience to none, but as it suits my pleasure," said the Bohemian.

"Who is your leader, and commands you?"



“The father of our tribe — if I chuse to obey him,” said the guide — “otherwise I have no commander.”

“You are then,” said the wondering querist, “destitute of all that other men are combined by — you have no law, no leader, no settled means of subsistence, no house or home. You have, may Heaven compassionate you, no country — and, may Heaven enlighten and forgive you, you have no God! What is it that remains to you, deprived of government, domestic happiness, and religion?”

“I have liberty,” said the Bohemian — “I crouch to no one — obey no one — respect no one. — I go where I will — live as I can — and die when my day comes.”

“But you are subject to instant execution, at the pleasure of the Judge.”

“Be it so,” returned the Bohemian; “I can but die so much the sooner.”

“And to imprisonment also,” said the Scot; “and where, then, is your boasted freedom?”

“In my thoughts,” said the Bohemian, “which no chains can bind; while yours, even when your limbs are free, remain fettered by your laws and your superstitions, your dreams of local attachment, and your fantastic visions of civil policy. Such as I are free in spirit when our limbs are



chained — You are imprisoned in mind, even when your limbs are most at freedom."

"Yet the freedom of your thoughts," said the Scot, "relieves not the pressure of the gyves on your limbs."

"For a brief time that may be endured; and if within that period I cannot extricate myself, and fail of relief from my comrades, I can always die, and death is the most perfect freedom of all."

There was a deep pause of some duration, which Quentin at length broke by resuming his queries.

"Your's is a wandering race, unknown to the nations of Europe — Whence do they derive their origin?"

"I may not tell you," answered the Bohemian.

"When will they relieve this kingdom from their presence, and return to the land from whence they came?" said the Scot.

"When the day of their pilgrimage shall be accomplished," replied his vagrant guide.

"Are you not sprung from those tribes of Israel which were carried into captivity beyond the great river Euphrates?" said Quentin, who had not forgotten the lore which had been taught him at Aberbrothock.

"Had we been so," answered the Bohemian,



“we had followed their faith, and practised their rites.”

“What is thine own name?” said Durward.

“My proper name is only known to my brethren — The men beyond our tents call me Hayraddin Maugrabin, that is, Hayraddin the African Moor.”

“Thou speakest too well for one who hath lived always in thy filthy horde,” said the Scot.

“I have learned some of the knowledge of this land,” said Hayraddin. — “When I was a little boy, our tribe was chased by the hunters after human flesh. An arrow went through my mother’s head, and she died. I was entangled in the blanket on her shoulders, and was taken by the pursuers. A priest begged me from the Provost’s archers, and trained me up in Frankish learning for two or three years.”

“How came you to part with him?” demanded Durward.

“I stole money from him — even the God which he worshipped,” answered Hayraddin, with perfect composure; “he detected me, and beat me — I stabbed him with my knife, fled to the woods, and was again united to my people.”

“Wretch!” said Durward, “did you murder your benefactor?”

“What had he to do to burden me with his benefits? — The Zingaro boy was no house-bred



cur to dog the heels of his master, and crouch beneath his blows, for scraps of food — He was the imprisoned wolf-whelp, which at the first opportunity broke his chain, rended his master, and returned to his wilderness."

There was another pause, when the young Scot, with a view of still farther investigating the character and purpose of this suspicious guide, asked Hayraddin, "Whether it was not true that his people, amid their ignorance, pretended to a knowledge of futurity, which was not given to the sages, philosophers, and divines, of more polished society?"

"We pretend to it," said Hayraddin, "and it is with justice."

"How can it be that so high a gift is bestowed on so abject a race?" said Quentin.

"Can I tell you?" answered Hayraddin — "Yes, I may indeed; but it is when you shall explain to me why the dog can trace the footsteps of a man, while man, the nobler animal, hath no power to trace those of the dog. These powers, which seem to you so wonderful, are instinctive in our race. From the lines on the face and on the hand, we can tell the future fate of those who consult us, even as surely as you know from the blossom of the tree in spring, what fruit it will bear in the harvest."



“I doubt of your knowledge, and defy you to the proof.”

“Defy me not, Sir Squire,” said Maugrabin Hayraddin — “I can tell thee, that, say what you will of your religion, the Goddess whom you worship rides in this company.”

“Peace!” said Quentin, in astonishment; “on thy life, not a word farther, but in answer to what I ask thee. — Can’st thou be faithful?”

“I can — all men can,” said the Bohemian.

“But *wilt* thou be faithful?”

“Would’st thou believe me the more should I swear it?” answered Maugrabin, with a sneer.

“Thy life is in my hand,” said the young Scot.

“Strike, and see whether I fear to die,” answered the Bohemian.

“Will money render thee a trusty guide?” demanded Durward.

“If I be not such without it, No,” replied the heathen.

“Then what will bind thee?” asked the Scot.

“Kindness,” replied the Bohemian.

“Shall I swear to shew thee such, if thou art true guide to us on this pilgrimage?”

“No,” replied Hayraddin, “it were extravagant waste of a commodity so rare. — To thee I am bound already.”

“How?” exclaimed Durward, more surprised than ever.



“Remember the chesnut-trees on the banks of the Cher! The victim, whose body thou didst cut down, was my brother, Zamet the Maugrab-in.”

“And yet,” said Quentin, “I find you in correspondence with those very officers by whom your brother was done to death; for it was one of them who directed me where to meet with you—the same, doubtless, who procured yonder ladies your services as a guide.”

“What can we do?” answered Hayraddin, gloomily — “These men deal with us as the sheep-dogs do with the flock; they protect us for a while, drive us hither and thither at their pleasure, and always end by guiding us to the shambles.”

Quentin had afterwards occasion to learn that the Bohemian spoke truth in this particular, and that the Provost-guard, employed to suppress the vagabond bands by which the kingdom was infested, entertained correspondence amongst them, and forbore, for a certain time, the exercise of their duty, which always at last ended in conducting their allies to the gallows. This is a sort of political relation between thief and officer, for the profitable exercise of their mutual professions, which has subsisted in all countries, and is by no means unknown to our own.

Durward, parting from the guide, fell back to



the rest of the retinue, very little satisfied with the character of Hayraddin, and entertaining little confidence in the professions of gratitude which he had personally made to him. He proceeded to sound the other two men who had been assigned him for attendants, and he was concerned to find them stupid, and as unfit to assist him with counsel, as in the rencounter they had shewn themselves reluctant to use their weapons.

“It is all the better,” said Quentin to himself, his spirit rising with the apprehended difficulties of his situation; “that lovely young lady shall owe all to me. — What one hand — ay, and one head can do, — methinks I can boldly count upon. I have seen my father’s house on fire, and him and my brothers lying dead amongst the flames — I gave not an inch back, but fought it out to the last. Now I am two years older, and have the best and fairest cause to bear me well, that ever kindled mettle within a brave man’s bosom.”

Acting upon this resolution, the attention and activity which Quentin bestowed during the journey, had in it something that gave him the appearance of ubiquity. His principal and most favourite post was of course by the side of the ladies; who, sensible of his extreme attention to their safety, began to converse with him in almost the tone of familiar friendship, and appeared to take great pleasure in the *naïveté*, yet



shrewdness, of his conversation. Yet Quentin did not suffer the fascination of this intercourse to interfere with the vigilant discharge of his duty.

If he was often by the side of the Countesses, labouring to describe to the natives of a level country the Grampian mountains, and, above all, the beauties of Glen-Houlakin, — he was as often riding with Hayraddin, in the front of the little cavalcade, questioning him about the road, and the resting-places, and recording his answers in his mind, to ascertain whether upon cross-examination he could discover any thing like meditated treachery. As often he was in the rear, endeavouring to secure the attachment of the two horsemen, by kind words, gifts, and promises of additional recompense, when their task should be accomplished.

In this way they travelled for more than a week, through bye-paths and unfrequented districts, and by circuitous routes, in order to avoid large towns. Nothing remarkable occurred, though they now and then met strolling gangs of Bohemians, who respected them, as under the conduct of one of their tribe, — straggling soldiers, or perhaps banditti, who deemed their party too strong to be attacked, — or parties of the Marechaussée, as they would now be termed, whom Louis, who searched the wounds of the land with steel and



cautery, employed to suppress the disorderly bands which infested the interior. These last suffered them to pursue their way unmolested, by virtue of a password, with which Quentin had been furnished for that purpose by the King himself.

Their resting-places were chiefly the monasteries, most of which were obliged by the rules of their foundation to receive pilgrims, under which character the ladies travelled, with hospitality, and without any troublesome inquiries into their rank and character, which most persons of distinction were desirous of concealing while in the discharge of their vows. The pretence of weariness was usually employed by the Countesses of Croye, as an excuse for instantly retiring to rest, and Quentin, as their Major Domo, arranged all that was necessary betwixt them and their entertainers, with a shrewdness which saved them all trouble, and an alacrity that failed not to excite a corresponding degree of good will on the part of those who were thus sedulously attended to.

One circumstance gave Quentin peculiar trouble, which was the character and nation of his guide; who, as a heathen, and an infidel vagabond, addicted besides to occult arts, (the badge of all his tribe,) was looked upon as a very improper guest for the holy resting-places at which the company usually halted, and was with the utmost reluc-



tance admitted within even the outer circuit of their walls. This was very embarrassing; for, on the one hand, it was necessary to keep in good humour a man who was possessed of the secret of their expedition; and on the other, Quentin deemed it indispensable to maintain a vigilant though secret watch on Hayraddin's conduct, in order that, as far as might be, he should hold no communication with any one without being observed. This of course was impossible, if the Bohemian was lodged without the precincts of the convent at which they stopped, and Durward could not help thinking that Hayraddin was desirous of bringing about this latter arrangement; for, instead of keeping himself still and quiet in the quarters allotted to him, his conversation, tricks, and songs, were, at the same time, so entertaining to the novices and younger brethren, and so unedifying in the opinion of the seniors of the fraternity, that, in more cases than one, it required all the authority, supported by threats, which Quentin could exert over him, to restrain his irreverent and untimely jocularities, and all the interest he could make with the Superiors, to prevent the heathen hound from being thrust out of doors. He succeeded, however, by the adroit manner in which he apologized for the indecorums committed by their attendant, and the skill with which he hinted the hope of his being brought to a



better sense of principles and behaviour, by the neighbourhood of holy reliques, consecrated buildings, and, above all, of men dedicated to religion.

But upon the tenth or twelfth day of their journey, after they had entered Flanders, and were approaching the town of Namur, all the efforts of Quentin became inadequate to suppress the consequences of the scandal given by his heathen guide. The scene was a Franciscan convent, and of a strict and reformed order, and the Prior a man who afterwards died in the odour of sanctity. After rather more than the usual scruples, (which were indeed in such a case to be expected,) had been surmounted, the obnoxious Bohemian at length obtained quarters in an out-house inhabited by a lay-brother, who acted as gardener. The ladies retired to their apartment, as usual, and the Prior, who chanced to have some distant alliances and friends in Scotland, and who was fond of hearing foreigners tell of their native countries, invited Quentin, with whose mien and conduct he seemed much pleased, to a slight monastic refectory in his own cell. Finding the Father a man of intelligence, Quentin did not neglect the opportunity of making himself acquainted with the state of affairs in the country of Liege, of which, during the last two days of their journey, he had heard such reports, as made him very apprehensive for the security of his charge du-



ring the remainder of their route, nay, even of the Bishop's power to protect them, when they should be safely conducted to his residence. The replies of the Prior were not very consolatory.

He said, that «the people of Liege were wealthy burghers, who, like Jehurun of old, had waxed fat and kicked — that they were uplifted in heart because of their wealth and their privileges — that they had divers disputes with the Duke of Burgundy, their liege lord, upon the subject of imposts and immunities — and that they had repeatedly broken out into open mutiny, whereat the Duke was so much incensed, as being a man of a hot and fiery nature, that he had sworn, by Saint George, on the next provocation, he would make the city of Liege like to the desolation of Babylon, and the downfall of Tyre, a hissing and a reproach to the whole territory of Flanders.”

«And he is a prince, by all report, like to keep such a vow,” said Quentin; «so the men of Liege will probably beware how they give him occasion.”

«It were to be so hoped,” said the Prior; «and such are the prayers of the godly in the land, who would not that man's blood were poured forth like water, and that they should perish, even as utter castaways, ere they make their peace with Heaven. Also the good Bishop



labours night and day to preserve peace, as well becometh a servant of the altar, for it is written in holy scripture, *Beati pacifici*. But" — here the good Prior stopped with a deep sigh.

Quentin modestly urged the great importance of which it was to the ladies whom he attended, to have some assured information respecting the internal state of the country, and what an act of Christian charity it would be, if the worthy and reverend Father would enlighten them upon that subject.

"It is one," said the Prior, "on which no man speaks with willingness; for those who speak evil of the powerful, *etiam in cubiculo*, may find that a winged thing shall carry the matter to his ears. Nevertheless, to render you, who seem an ingenuous youth, and your ladies, who are devout votaresses accomplishing a holy pilgrimage, the little service that is in my power, I will be plain with you."

He then looked cautiously round, and lowered his voice, as if afraid of being overheard.

"The people of Liege," he said, "are privily instigated to their frequent mutinies by men of Belial, who pretend, but, as I hope, falsely, to have commission to that effect from our most Christian King; whom, however, I hold to deserve that term better than were consistent with his thus disturbing the peace of a neighbouring



state. Yet so it is, that his name is freely used by those who uphold and inflame the discontents at Liege. There is, moreover, in the land, a nobleman of good descent, and fame in warlike affairs; but otherwise, so to speak, *Lapis offensionis et petra scandali*, — a stumbling-block of offence to the countries of Burgundy and Flanders. His name is William de la Marck.

“Called William with the Beard,” said the young Scotchman, “or the Wild Boar of Ardennes?”

“And rightly so called, my son,” said the Prior, “because he is as the wild boar of the forest, which treadeth down with his hoofs, and rendeth with his tusks. And he hath formed to himself a band of more than a thousand men, all, like himself, contemners of civil and ecclesiastical authority, and holds himself independent of the Duke of Burgundy, and maintains himself and his followers by rapine and wrong, wrought without distinction, upon churchmen and laymen. *Imposuit manus in Christos Domini*, — he hath stretched forth his hand upon the anointed of the Lord, regardless of what is written, — ‘Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no wrong.’ — Even to our poor house did he send for sums of gold and sums of silver, as a ransom for our lives, and those of our brethren; to which we returned a Latin supplication,



stating our inability to answer his demand, and exhorting him in the words of the preacher, *Ne moliaris amico tuo, malum cum habet in te fiduciam*. Nevertheless, this Gulielmus Barbatus, this William de la Marck, as completely ignorant of humane letters as of humanity itself, replied, in his ridiculous jargon, '*Si non payatis, brulabo monasterium vestrum.*'"

"Of which rude Latin, however, you, my good father, were at no loss to conceive the interpretation?"

"Alas, my son," said the Prior, "Fear and Necessity are shrewd interpreters; and we were obliged to melt down the silver vessels of our altar to satisfy the rapacity of this cruel chief — May heaven requite it to him seven-fold! *Pereat improbus — Amen, amen, anathema esto!*"

"I marvel," said Quentin, "that the Duke of Burgundy, who is so strong and powerful, doth not bait this boar, of whose ravages I have already heard so much."

"Alas! my son," said the Prior, "he is now at Peronne, assembling his captains of hundreds and his captains of thousands, to make war against France; and thus, while Heaven hath set discord between the hearts of those great princes, the country is misused by such subordinate oppressors. But it is in evil time that the Duke neglects the cure of these internal gangrenes; for



this William de la Marck hath of late entertained open communication with Rouslaer and Pavillon, the chiefs of the discontented at Liege, and it is to be feared he will soon stir them up to some desperate enterprize."

"But the Bishop of Liege," said Quentin, "he hath still power to subdue this disquiet and turbulent spirit—hath he not, good father?—Your answer to this question concerns me much."

"The Bishop, my child," replied the Prior, "hath the sword of Saint Peter, as well as the keys. He hath power as a secular prince, and he hath the powerful protection of the House of Burgundy; he hath also spiritual authority as a prelate, and he supports both with a reasonable force of good soldiers and men-at-arms. This William de la Marck was bred in his household, and bound to him by many benefits. But he gave vent, even in the court of the Bishop, to his fierce and blood-thirsty temper, and was expelled thence for a homicide, committed on one of the Bishop's chief domestics. From thenceforward, being banished from the good Prelate's presence, he hath been his constant and unrelenting foe; and now, I grieve to say, he hath girded his loins, and strengthened his horn against him."

"You consider, then, the situation of the



worthy Prelate as being dangerous," said Quentin, very anxiously.

"Alas! my son," said the good Franciscan, "what or who is there in this weary wilderness, whom we may not hold as in danger? But heaven forefend, I should speak of the reverend Prelate as one whose peril is imminent. He has much treasure, true counsellors, and brave soldiers; and, moreover, a messenger who passed hither to the eastward yesterday, saith that the Duke hath dispatched, upon the Bishop's request, an hundred men-at-arms, who, with the retinue belonging to each lance, are enough to deal with Willian de la Marck, on whose name be sorrow! — Amen."

At this crisis their conversation was interrupted by the Sacristan, who, in a voice almost inarticulate with anger, accused the Bohemian of having practised the most abominable arts of delusion among the younger brethren. He had added to their nightly meal cups of a heady and intoxicating cordial, of ten times the strength of the most powerful wine, under which several of the fraternity had succumbed, — and indeed, although the Sacristan had been strong to resist its influence, they might yet see, from his inflamed countenance and thick speech, that even he, the accuser himself, was in some degree affected by this unhallowed potation. Moreover, the Bohemian



had sung songs of worldly vanity and impure pleasures; he had derided the cord of Saint Francis, made jest of his miracles, and termed his votaries fools and lazy knaves. Lastly, he had practised palmistry, and foretold to the young Father Cherubin, that he was beloved by a beautiful lady, who should make him father to a thriving boy."

The Father Prior listened to these complaints for some time in silence, as struck with mute horror by their enormous atrocity. When the Sacristan had concluded, he rose up, descended to the court of the convent, and ordered the lay brethren, on pain of the worst consequences of spiritual disobedience, to beat Hayraddin out of the sacred precincts, with their broom-staves and cart-whips.

This sentence was executed accordingly, in the presence of Quentin Durward, who, howsoever vexed at the occurrence, easily saw that his interference would be of no avail.

The discipline inflicted upon the delinquent, notwithstanding the exhortations of the Superior, was more ludicrous than formidable. The Bohemian ran hither and thither through the court, amongst the clamour of voices, and noise of blows, some of which reached him not, because purposely mis-aimed; others, designed for his person, were eluded by his activity; and the few that fell upon his back and shoulders, he took without



either complaint or reply. The noise and riot was the greater, that the inexperienced cudgel-players, among whom Hayraddin ran the gauntlet, hit each other more frequently than they did him, till at length, desirous of ending a scene which was more scandalous than edifying, the Prior commanded the wicket to be flung open, and the Bohemian, darting through it with the speed of lightning, fled forth into the moonlight.

During this scene, a suspicion which Durward had formerly entertained, recurred with additional strength. Hayraddin had, that very morning, promised to him more modest and discreet behaviour than he was wont to exhibit, when they rested in a convent on their journey; yet he had broken his engagement, and had been even more offensively obstreperous than usual. Something probably lurked under this; for whatever were the Bohemian's deficiencies, he lacked neither sense, nor, when he pleased, self-command; and might it not be probable that he wished to hold some communication, either with his own horde or some one else, from which he was debarred in the course of the day, by the vigilance with which he was watched by Quentin, and had recourse to this stratagem in order to get himself turned out of the convent?

No sooner did this suspicion dart once more through Quentin's mind, than, alert as he always



was in his motions, he resolved to follow his cudgelled guide, and observe (secretly if possible) how he disposed of himself. Accordingly, when the Bohemian fled, as already mentioned, out at the gate of the convent, Quentin, hastily explaining to the Prior the necessity of keeping sight of his guide, followed in pursuit of him.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE ESPIED SPY.

*What, the rude ranger? and spied spy? —  
hands off —*

*You are for no such rustics.*

*Ben Jonson's Tale of Robin Hood.*

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WHEN Quentin sallied from the convent, he could mark the precipitate retreat of the Bohemian, whose dark figure was seen in the far moonlight, flying with the speed of a flogged hound quite through the street of the little village, and across the level meadow that lay beyond.

“My friend runs fast,” said Quentin to himself; “but he must run faster yet to escape the fleetest foot ever pressed the heather of Glenhoulakin.”

Being fortunately without his cloak and armour, the Scottish mountaineer was at liberty to



put forth a speed which was unrivalled in his own glens, and which, notwithstanding the rate at which the Bohemian ran, was like soon to bring his pursuer up with him. This was not, however, Quentin's object; for he considered it more essential to watch his motions, than to interrupt them. He was the rather led to this, by the steadiness with which the Bohemian directed his course; and which continuing, even after the impulse of the violent expulsion had subsided, seemed to indicate that his career had some more certain goal for its object than could have suggested itself to a person unexpectedly turned out of good quarters, when midnight was approaching, to seek a new place of repose. He never even looked behind him; and consequently Durward was enabled to follow him unobserved. At length the Bohemian having traversed the meadow, and attained the side of a little stream, the sides of which were clothed with alders and willows, Quentin observed that he stood still, and blew a low note on his horn, which was answered by a whistle at some little distance.

"This is a rendezvous," thought Quentin; "but how shall I come near enough to overhear the import of what passes? the sound of my steps, and the rustling of the boughs through which I must force my passage will betray me, unless I am cautious — I will stalk them, by Saint Andrew,



as if they were Glen-Isla deer — they shall learn that I have not conned woodcraft for nought. Yonder they meet, the two shadows — and two of them there are — odds against me if I am discovered, and if their purpose be unfriendly, as is much to be doubted. And then the Countess Isabelle loses her poor friend! — Well—and he were not worthy to be called such, if he were not ready to meet a dozen in her behalf. — Have I not crossed swords with Dunois, the best knight in France, and shall I fear a tribe of yonder vagabonds? — Pshaw — God and Saint Andrew to friend, they will find me both stout and wary.”

Thus resolving, and with a degree of caution taught him by his sylvan habits, our friend descended into the channel of the little stream, which varied in depth, sometimes scarce covering his shoes, sometimes coming up to his knees, and so crept along, his form concealed by the boughs overhanging the bank, and his steps unheard amid the ripple of the water. (We have ourselves, in the days of yore, thus approached the nest of the wakeful raven.) In this manner, the Scot drew near unperceived, until he distinctly heard the voices of those who were the subject of his observation, though he could not distinguish the words. Being at this time under the drooping branches of a magnificent weeping willow, which almost swept the surface of the water, he caught hold of one



of its boughs, by the assistance of which, exerting at once much agility, dexterity, and strength, he raised himself up into the body of the tree, and sat, secure from discovery, among the central branches.

From this situation he could discover that the person with whom Hayraddin was now conversing was one of his own tribe, and, at the same time, he perceived, to his great disappointment, that no approximation could enable him to comprehend their language, which was totally unknown to him. They laughed much; and as Hayraddin made a sign of skipping about, and ended by rubbing his shoulder with his hand, Durward had no doubt that he was relating the story of the bastinading, which he had sustained previous to his escape from the convent.

On a sudden, a whistle was again heard in the distance, which was once more answered by a low tone or two of Hayraddin's horn. Presently afterwards a tall stout soldierly-looking man, a strong contrast in point of thewes and sinews to the small and slender-limbed Bohemians, made his appearance. He had a broad baldrick over his shoulder, which sustained a sword that hung almost across his person; his hose were much slashed, through which slashes was drawn silk or tiffany, of various colours; they were tied by at least five hundred points or strings, made of rib-



band, to the tight buff-jacket which he wore, and the right sleeve of which displayed a silver boar's head, the crest of his Captain. A very small hat sat jauntily on one side of his head, from which descended a quantity of curled hair, which fell on each side of a broad face, and mingled with as broad a beard, about four inches long. He held a long lance in his hand; and his whole equipment was that of one of the German adventurers, who were known by the name of Lanzknechts, in English, spearmen, who constituted a formidable part of the infantry of the period. These mercenaries were, of course, a fierce and rapacious soldiery, and having an idle tale current among themselves, that a Lanzknecht was refused admittance into heaven on account of his vices, and into hell on the score of his tumultuous, mutinous, and insubordinate disposition, they manfully acted as if they neither sought the one, nor eschewed the other.

“Donner and blitz!” was his first salutation, in a sort of German-French, which we can only imperfectly imitate, “Why have you kept me dancing in attendance dis dree nights?”

“I could not see you sooner, Meinherr,” said Hayraddin, very submissively; “there is a young Scot, with as quick an eye as the wild-cat, who watches my least motions. He suspects me already, and, should he find his suspicion confirmed,



I were a dead man on the spot, and he would carry back the women into France again."

"Was henker!" said the Lanzknecht; "we are three — we will attack them to-morrow, and carry the women off without going farther. You said the two valets were cowards — you and your comrade may manage them, and the Teufel shall hold me, but I match Scots wild-cat."

"You will find that fool-hardy," said Hayraddin; "for, besides that we ourselves count not much in fighting, this spark hath matched himself with the best knight in France, and come off with honour — I have seen those who saw him press Dunois hard enough."

"Hagel and sturmwetter! It is but your cowardice that speaks," said the German soldier.

"I am no more a coward than yourself," said Hayraddin; "but my trade is not fighting. — If you keep the appointment where it was laid, it is well — if not, I guide them safely to the Bishop's Palace, and William de la Marck may easily possess himself of them there, providing he is half as strong as he pretended a week since."

"Poz tausend!" said the soldier, "we are as strong and stronger; but we hear of a hundreds of the lances of Burgund, — das ist, — see you, — five men to a lance do make five hundreds, and then, hold me the devil, they will be fainer to seek for us, than we to seek for them; for der



Bischoff hath a goot force on footing — ay, indeed !”

“ You must then hold to the ambuscade, at the Cross of the Three Kings, or give up the adventure,” said the Bohemian.

“ Geb up — geb up the adventure of the rich bride for our noble hauptman — Teufel ! I will charge through hell first. — Mein soul, we will be all princes and hertzogs, whom they call dukes, and we will hab a snab at the woin-kellar, and at the mouldy French crowns, and it may be at the pretty garces too, when He with de beard is weary on them.”

“ The ambuscade at the Cross of the Three Kings then still holds,” said the Bohemian.

“ Mein Got, ay, — you will swear to bring them there; and when they are on their knees before the cross, and down from off their horses, which all men do, except such black heathens as thou, we will make in on them, and they are ours.”

“ Ay; but I promised this piece of necessary villainy only on one condition,” said Hayraddin. — “ I will not have a hair of the young man’s head touched. If you swear this to me, by your Three dead Men of Cologne, I will swear to you, by the Seven Night Walkers, that I will serve you truly as to the rest. And if you break your oath, the Night Walkers shall wake you seven nights from your sleep, between night and morn-



ing, and, on the eighth, they shall strangle and devour you."

"But, donner and hagel, what need you be so curious about the life of this boy, who is neither your blood nor kin?" said the German.

"No matter for that, honest Heinrick; some men have pleasure in cutting throats, some in keeping them whole — So swear to me, that you will spare him life and limb, or, by the bright star Aldeboran, this matter shall go no further — Swear, and by the Three Kings, as you call them, of Cologne — I know you care for no other oath."

"Du bist ein comische man," said the Lanzknecht, "I was swear —"

"Not yet," said the Bohemian — "Faces about, brave Lanzknecht, and look to the east, else the Kings may not hear you."

The soldier took the oath in manner prescribed, and then declared that he would be in readiness, observing the place was quite convenient, being scarce five miles from their present leaguer.

"But, were it not making sure work to have a fahnlein of riders on the other road, by the left side of the inn, which might trap them if they go that way?"

The Bohemian considered a moment, and then answered, "No — the appearance of their troops in that direction might alarm the garrison of Namur, and then they would have a doubtful fight,



instead of assured success. Besides, they shall travel on the right bank of the Maes, for I can guide them which way I will; for sharp as this same Scottish mountaineer is, he hath never asked any one's advice, save mine, upon the direction of their route. — Undoubtedly, I was assigned to him by an assured friend, whose word no man mistrusts till they come to know him a little."

"Hark ye, friend Hayraddin," said the soldier, "I would ask you somewhat. — You and your bruder were, as you say yourself, gross ster-nen-deuter, that is, star-lookers and giester-seers — Now, what henker was it made you not foresee him to be hanged?"

"I will tell you, Heinrick," said Hayraddin; — "if I could have known my brother was such a fool as to tell the counsel of King Louis to Duke Charles of Burgundy, I could have foretold his death as sure as I can foretell fair weather in July. Louis hath both ears and hands at the Court of Burgundy, and Charles's counsellors love the chink of French gold as well as thou doest the clatter of a wine-pot. — But fare thee well, and keep appointment — I must await my early Scot a bow-shot without the gate of the den of the lazy swine yonder, else will he think me about some excursion which bodes no good to the success of his journey."

"Take a draught of comfort first," said the Lanzknecht, tendering him a flask, — "but I



forget; thou art beast enough to drink nothing but water, like a vile vassal of Mahound and Termagund."

"Thou art thyself a vassal of the wine-measure, and the flagon," said the Bohemian, — "I marvel not that thou art only trusted with the blood-thirsty, and the violent part of executing what better heads have devised. — He must drink no wine, who would know the thoughts of others, or hide his own. But why preach to thee, who hast a thirst as eternal as a sand-bank in Arabia? — Fare thee well. — Take my comrade Tuisco with thee — his appearance about the monastery may breed suspicion."

The two worthies parted, after each had again pledged himself to keep the rendezvous at the Cross of the three Kings.

Quentin Durward watched until they were out of sight, and then descended from his place of concealment, his heart throbbing at the narrow escape which he and his fair charge had made — if, indeed, it could yet be achieved, — from a deep-laid plan of villainy. Afraid, on his return to the monastery, of stumbling upon Hayraddin, he made a long detour, at the expense of traversing some very rough ground, and was thus enabled to return to his asylum on a different point from that on which he left it.

On the route, he communed earnestly with himself concerning the safest plan to be pursued. He



had formed the resolution, when he first heard Hayraddin avow his treachery, to put him to death so soon as the conference broke up, and his companions were at a sufficient distance; but when he heard the Bohemian express so much interest in saving his own life, he felt it would be difficult for him to execute upon him, in its rigour, the punishment his treachery had deserved. He therefore resolved to spare his life, and even, if possible, still to use his services as a guide, under such precautions as should ensure the security of the precious charge, to the preservation of which his own life was internally devoted.

But whither were they to turn — the Countesses of Croye could neither obtain shelter in Burgundy, from which they had fled, nor in France, from which they had been in a manner expelled. The violence of Duke Charles in the one country, was scarce more to be feared than the cold and tyrannical policy of King Louis in the other. After deep thought, Durward could form no better or safer plan for their safety, than that, evading the ambuscade, they should take the road to Liege by the left hand of the Maes, and throw themselves, as the ladies themselves originally designed, upon the protection of the excellent Bishop. That Prelate's will to protect them could not be doubted, and, if reinforced by this Burgundian party of men-at-arms, he might be considered as having the power. At any rate, if the dangers to



which he was exposed from the hostility of William de la Marck, and from the troubles in the city of Liege, appeared imminent, he could still protect the unfortunate ladies until they could be dispatched to Germany with a suitable escort.

To sum up this reasoning, for when is a mental argument conducted without some reference to selfish considerations?—Quentin imagined that the death or captivity to which King Louis had, in cold blood, consigned him, set him at liberty from his engagements to the Crown of France; which, therefore, it was his determined purpose to renounce. The Bishop of Liege was likely, he concluded, to need soldiers, and he thought that, by the interposition of his fair friends, who now, especially the elder Countess, treated him with much familiarity, he might get some command, and perhaps might have the charge of conducting the Ladies of Croye to some place more safe than the neighbourhood of Liege. And to conclude, the ladies had talked, although almost in a sort of jest, of raising the Countess's own vassals, and, as others did in these stormy times, fortifying her strong castle against all assailants whatsoever; they had jestingly asked Quentin, whether he would accept the perilous office of their Seneschal; and on his accepting the office with ready glee and devotion, they had, in the same spirit, permitted him to kiss both their hands on that confidential and honourable appointment.



Nay, he thought that the hand of the Countess Isabelle, one of the best formed and most beautiful to which true vassal ever did such homage, trembled when his lips rested on it a moment longer than ceremony required, and that some confusion appeared on her cheek and in her eye as she withdrew it. Something might come of all this; and what brave man, at Quentin Durward's age, but would gladly have taken the thoughts which it awakened, into the considerations which were to determine his conduct?

This point settled, he had next to consider in what degree he was to use the further guidance of the faithless Bohemian. He had renounced his first thought of killing him in the wood, and if he took another guide, and dismissed him alive, it would be sending the traitor to the camp of William de la Marck, with intelligence of their motions. He thought of taking the Prior into his councils, and requesting him to detain the Bohemian by force until they should have time to reach the Bishop's castle; but, on reflection, he dared not hazard such a proposition to one who was timid both as an old man and a friar, who held the safety of his convent the most important object of his duty, and who trembled at the mention of the Wild Boar of Ardennes.

At length Durward settled a plan of operation, on which he could the better reckon, as the execution rested entirely upon himself; and in the



cause in which he was engaged, he felt himself capable of every thing. With a firm and bold heart, though conscious of the dangers of his situation, Quentin might be compared to one walking under a load, of the weight of which he is conscious, but which yet is not beyond his strength and power of endurance. Just as his plan was determined, he reached the convent.

Upon knocking gently at the gate, a brother, considerably stationed for that purpose by the Prior, opened it, and acquainted him that the brethren were to be stationed in the choir till day-break, praying Heaven to forgive to the community the various scandals which had that evening taken place among them.

The worthy friar offered Quentin permission to attend their devotions; but his clothes were in such a wet condition, that the young Scot was obliged to decline the opportunity, and request permission instead to sit by the kitchen fire, in order to his attire being dried before morning, as he was particularly desirous that the Bohemian, when they should next meet, should observe no traces of his having been abroad during the night. The friar not only granted his request, but afforded him his own company, which fell in very happily with the desire which Durward had to obtain information concerning the two routes which he had heard mentioned by the Bohemian in his conversation with the Lanzknecht. The



friar, entrusted upon many occasions with the business of the convent abroad, was the person in the fraternity best qualified to afford him the information he requested, but observed that, as true pilgrims, it became the duty of the ladies whom Quentin escorted to take the road on the right side of the Maes, by the Cross of the Kings, where the blessed reliques of Caspar, Melchior, and Balthasar, (as the Catholic Church has named the eastern Magi who came to Bethlehem with their offerings,) had rested as they were transported to Cologne, and on which spot they had wrought many miracles.

Quentin replied, that the ladies were determined to observe all the holy stations with the utmost punctuality, and would certainly visit that of the Cross, either in going to, or returning from Cologne, but they had heard reports that the road by the right side of the river was at present rendered unsafe by the soldiers of the ferocious William de la Marck.

“Now may Heaven forbid,” said Father Francis, “that the Wild Boar of Ardennes should again make his lair so near us! — Nevertheless, the broad Maes will be a good barrier betwixt us, even should it so chance.”

“But it will be no barrier between my ladies and the marauder, should we cross the river, and travel on the right bank,” answered the Scot.

“Heaven will protect its own, young man,”



said the friar; « for it were hard to think that the Kings of yonder blessed city of Cologne, who will not endure that a Jew or Infidel should even enter within the walls of their town, could be oblivious enough to permit their worshippers, coming to their shrine as true pilgrims, to be plundered and misused by such a miscreant dog as this Boar of Ardennes, who is worse than a whole desert of Saracen heathens, and all the ten tribes of Israel to boot.”

Whatever reliance Quentin, as a sincere Catholic, was bound to rest upon the special protection of Melchior, Caspar, and Balthasar, he could not but recollect, that the pilgrim habits of the ladies being assumed out of mere earthly policy, he and his charge could scarce expect their countenance on the present occasion; and therefore resolved, as far as possible, to avoid placing the ladies in any predicament where miraculous interposition might be necessary; whilst, in the simplicity of his good faith, he himself vowed a pilgrimage to the three Kings of Cologne in his own proper person, providing the simulate design of those over whose safety he was now watchful, should be permitted by those reasonable and royal, as well as sainted personages, to attain the desired effect.

That he might enter into this obligation with all solemnity, he requested the friar to shew him into one of the various chapels which opened from



the main body of the church of the convent, where upon his knees, and with sincere devotion, he ratified the vow which he had made internally. The distant sound of the choir, the solemnity of the deep and dead hour which he had chosen for this act of devotion, the effect of the glimmering lamp with which the little Gothic building was illuminated—all contributed to throw Quentin's mind into the state when it most readily acknowledges its human frailty, and seeks that supernatural aid and protection, which, in every worship, must be connected with repentance for past sins and resolutions of future amendment. That the object of his devotion was misplaced, was not the fault of Quentin; and, its purpose being sincere, we can scarce suppose it unacceptable to the only true Deity, who regards the motives and not the forms of prayer, and in whose eyes the sincere devotion of a heathen is more estimable than the specious hypocrisy of a Pharisee.

Having commended himself and his helpless companions to the Saints, and to the keeping of Providence, Quentin at length retired to rest, leaving the friar much edified by the depth and sincerity of his devotion.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

### PALMISTRY.

*When many a merry tale and many a song  
Cheer'd the rough road, we wish'd the rough  
road long.*

*The rough road, then, returning in a round,  
Mock'd our enchanted steps, for all was fairy  
ground.*

*Samuel Johnson.*

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By peep of day Quentin Durward had forsaken his little cell, had roused the sleepy grooms, and, with more than his wonted care, seen that every thing was prepared for the day's journey. Girths and bridles, the horse-furniture, and the shoes of the horses themselves, were carefully inspected with his own eyes, that there might be as little chance as possible of the occurrence of any of those casualties, which, petty as they seem, often inter-



rupt or disconcert a journey. The horses were also under his own inspection carefully fed, so as to render them fit for a long day's journey, or, if that should be necessary, for a hasty flight.

Quentin then betook himself to his own chamber, armed himself with unusual care, and belted on his sword with the feeling at once of approaching danger, and of stern determination to dare it to the uttermost.

These generous feelings gave him a loftiness of step, and a dignity of manner, which the Ladies of Croye had not yet observed in him, though they had been highly pleased and interested by the grace, yet *naïveté*, of his general behaviour and conversation, and the mixture of shrewd intelligence which naturally belonged to him, with the simplicity arising from his secluded education and distant country. He let them understand, that it would be necessary that they should prepare for their journey this morning rather earlier than usual; and, accordingly, they left the convent immediately after a morning repast, for which, as well as the other hospitalities of the House, the ladies made acknowledgment by a donation to the altar, befitting rather their rank than their appearance. But this excited no suspicion, as they were supposed to be English-women; and the attribute of superior wealth attached at that time to the insular character as strongly as in our own day.



The Prior blessed them as they mounted to depart, and congratulated Quentin on the absence of his heathen guide; „for,” said the venerable man, „better stumble in the path, than be upheld by the arm of a thief or robber.”

Quentin was not quite of his opinion; for, dangerous as he knew the Bohemian to be, he thought he could use his services, and, at the same time, baffle his treasonable purpose, now that he saw clearly to what it tended. But his anxiety upon this subject was soon at an end, for the little cavalcade was not an hundred yards from the monastery and the village before Maugrabin joined it, riding as usual on his little active and wild-looking jennet. Their road led them along the side of the same brook where Quentin had overheard the mysterious conference of the preceding evening, and Hayraddin had not long rejoined them, ere they passed under the very willow tree which had afforded Durward the means of concealment, when he became an unsuspected hearer of what then passed betwixt that false guide, and the Lanzknecht.

The recollections which the spot brought back stirred Quentin to enter abruptly into conversation with his guide, whom hitherto he had scarce spoken to.

„Where hast thou found night-quarter, thou profane knave?” said the Scot.

„Your wisdom may guess, by looking on my



gabardine," answered the Bohemian, pointing to his dress, which was covered with the seeds of hay.

"A good hay-stack," said Quentin, "is a convenient bed for an astrologer, and a much better than a heathen scoffer at our blessed religion, and its ministers, ever deserves."

"It suited my Klepper better than me though," said Hayraddin, patting his horse on the neck; "for he had food and shelter at the same time. The old bald fools turned him loose, as if a wise man's horse could have infected with wit or sagacity a whole convent of asses. Lucky that Klepper knows my whistle, and follows me as truly as a hound, or we had never met again, and you in your turn might have whistled for a guide."

"I have told thee more than once," said Durward, sternly, "to restrain thy ribaldry when thou chancest to be in worthy men's company, a thing which, I believe, hath rarely happened to thee in thy life before now; and I promise thee that, did I hold thee as faithless a guide as I esteem thee a blasphemous and worthless caitiff, my Scottish dirk and thy heathenish heart had ere now been acquainted, although the doing such a deed were as ignoble as the sticking of swine."

"A wild boar is near a-kin to a sow," said the Bohemian, without flinching from the sharp look with which Quentin regarded him, or alter-



ing, in the slightest degree, the caustic indifference which he affected in his language; "and many men," he subjoined, "find both pride, pleasure, and profit in sticking them."

Astonished at the man's ready confidence, and uncertain whether he did not know more of his own history and feelings than was pleasant for him to converse upon, Quentin broke off a conversation in which he had gained no advantage over Maugrabin, and fell back to his accustomed post beside the ladies.

We have already observed, that a considerable degree of familiarity had begun to establish itself between them. The elder Countess treated him (being once well assured of the nobility of his birth) like a favoured equal; and though her niece shewed her regard to their protector less freely, yet, under every disadvantage of bashfulness and timidity, Quentin thought he could plainly perceive that his company and conversation were not by any means indifferent to her.

Nothing gives such life and soul to youthful gaiety as the consciousness that it is successfully received, and Quentin had accordingly, during the former period of their journey, amused his fair charge with the liveliness of his conversation, and the songs and tales of his native country, the former of which he sung in his native lan-



guage, while his efforts to render the latter into his foreign and imperfect French, gave rise to a hundred little mistakes and errors of speech, as diverting as the narratives themselves. But on this anxious morning, he rode beside the ladies of Croye without any of his usual attempts to amuse them, and they could not help observing his silence as something remarkable.

“Our young champion has seen a wolf,” said the Lady Hameline, alluding to an ancient superstition, “and he has lost his tongue in consequence.”

“To say I had tracked a fox were nearer the mark,” thought Quentin, but gave the reply no utterance.

“Are you well, Seignor Quentin?” said the Countess Isabelle, in a tone of interest at which she herself blushed, while she felt that it was something more than the distance between them warranted.

“He hath sat up carousing with the jolly friars,” said the Lady Hameline; “the Scots are like the Germans, who spend all their mirth over the Rhein-wein, and bring only their staggering steps to the dance in the evening, and their aching heads to the ladies’ bower in the morning.”

“Nay, gentle ladies,” said Quentin, “I deserve not your reproach. The good friars were at



their devotions almost all night; and for myself, my drink was barely a cup of their thinnest and most ordinary wine."

"It is the badness of his cheer that has put him out of humour," said the Countess Isabelle. "Cheer up, Seignor Quentin; and should we ever visit my ancient Castle of Bracquemont together, if I myself should stand your cup-bearer, and hand it to you, you shall have a generous cup of wine, that the like never grew upon the vines of Hochheim or Johannisberg."

"A glass of water, noble lady, from *your* hand" — Thus far did Quentin begin, but his voice trembled; and Isabella continued, as if she had been insensible of the tenderness of the accentuation upon the personal pronoun.

"The wine was stocked in the deep vaults of Bracquemont, by my great-grandfather the Rhinegrave Godfrey."

"Who won the hand of her great-grandmother," said the Lady Hameline, interrupting her niece, "by proving himself the best son of chivalry, at the great tournament of Strasbourg — ten knights were slain in the lists. But these days are now over, and no one now thinks of encountering peril for the sake of honour, or to relieve distressed beauty."

To this speech, which was made in the tone in which a modern beauty, whose charms are rather



on the wane, may be heard to condemn the rudeness of the present age, Quentin took upon him to reply, "that there was no lack of that chivalry which the Lady Hameline seemed to consider as extinct, and that, were it eclipsed every where else, it would still glow in the bosoms of the Scottish gentlemen."

"Hear him!" said the Lady Hameline; "he would have us believe that in his cold and bleak country, still lives the noble fire which has decayed in France and Germany! The poor youth is like a Swiss mountaineer, mad with partiality to his native land — he will next tell us of the vines and olives of Scotland."

"No, madam," said Durward; "of the wine and the oil of our mountains I can say little more, than that our swords can compel these rich productions, as tribute from our wealthier neighbours. But for the unblemished faith and unfated honour of Scotland, I must now put to the proof how far you can repose trust in them, however mean the individual who can offer nothing more as a pledge of your safety."

"You speak mysteriously — you know of some pressing and present danger," said the Lady Hameline.

"I have read it in his eye for this hour past," exclaimed the Lady Isabelle, clasping her hands. "Sacred Virgin, what will become of us?"



«Nothing, I hope, but what you would desire,” answered Durward. «And now I am compelled to ask — Gentle ladies, can you trust me?”

«Trust you?” answered the Countess Hameline — «certainly — But why the question? Or how far do you ask our confidence?”

«I, on my part,” said the Countess Isabelle, «trust you implicitly, and without condition. If you can deceive us, Quentin, I will no more look for truth, save in Heaven.”

«Gentle lady,” replied Durward, highly gratified, «you do me but justice. My object is to alter our route, by proceeding directly by the left bank of the Maes to Liege, instead of crossing at Namur. This differs from the order assigned by King Louis, and the instructions given to the guide. But I heard news in the monastery of marauders on the right bank of the Maes, and of the march of Burgundian soldiers to suppress them. Both circumstances alarm me for your safety. Have I your permission so far to deviate from the route of your journey?”

«My ample and full permission,” said the younger lady.

«Cousin,” said the Lady Hameline, «I believe with you, that the youth means us well; — but bethink you — we transgress the instructions of King Louis, so positively iterated.”

«And why should we regard his instructions?”



said the Lady Isabelle. "I am, I thank Heaven for it, no subject of his; and, as a suppliant, he has abused the confidence he induced me to repose in him. I would not dishonour this young gentleman by weighing his word for an instant against the injunctions of yonder crafty and selfish despot."

"Now, may God bless you for that very word, Lady," said Quentin, joyously; "and if I deserve not the trust it expresses, tearing with wild horses in this life, and eternal tortures in the next, were e'en too good for my deserts."

So saying, he spurred his horse, and rejoined the Bohemian. This worthy seemed of a remarkably passive, if not a forgiving temper. Injury or threat never dwelt, or at least seemed not to dwell, on his recollection; and he entered into the conversation which Durward presently commenced, just as if there had been no unkindly word betwixt them in the course of the morning.

The dog, thought the Scotchman, snarls not now, because he intends to clear scores with me at once and forever, when he can snatch me by the very throat; but we will try for once whether we cannot foil a traitor at his own weapons. — "Honest Hayraddin," he said, "thou hast travelled with us for ten days, yet hast never shewn us a specimen of your skill in fortune-tell-



ing; which you are, nevertheless, so fond of practising, that you must needs display your gifts in every convent at which we stop, at the risk of being repaid by a night's lodging under a haystack."

"You have never asked me for a specimen of my skill," said the gypsy. "You are like the rest of the world, contented to ridicule those mysteries which they do not understand."

"Give me a proof of your skill," said Quentin; and, ungloving his hand, he held it out to the gypsy.

Hayraddin carefully regarded all the lines which crossed each other on the Scotchman's palm, and noted, with equally scrupulous attention, the little risings or swellings at the roots of the fingers, which were then believed as intimately connected with the disposition, habits, and fortunes of the individual, as the organs of the brain are pretended to be in our own time.

"Here is a hand," said Hayraddin, "which speaks of toils endured, and dangers encountered, I read in it an early acquaintance with the hilt of the sword; and yet some acquaintance also with the clasps of the mass-book."

"This of my past life you may have learned elsewhere," said Quentin; "tell me something of the future."

"This line from the hill of Venus," said the



Bohemian, «not broken off abruptly, but attending and accompanying the line of life, argues a certain and large fortune by marriage, whereby the party shall be raised among the wealthy and the noble by the influence of successful love.”

«Such promises you make to all who ask your advice,” said Quentin; «they are part of your art.”

«What I tell you is as certain,” said Hayradin, «as that you shall in brief space be menaced with mighty danger; which I infer from this bright blood-red line cutting the table-line transversely, and intimating stroke of sword, or other violence, from which you shall only be saved by the attachment of a faithful friend.”

«Thyself, ha?” said Quentin, somewhat indignant that the chiromantist should thus practise on his credulity, and endeavour to found a reputation by predicting the consequences of his own treachery.

«My art,” replied the Zingaro, «tells me nought that concerns myself.”

«In this, then, the seers of my land,” said Quentin, «excel your boasted knowledge; for their skill teaches them the dangers by which they are themselves beset. I left not my hills without having felt a portion of the double vision with which their inhabitants are gifted; and I will give thee a proof of it, in exchange for thy specimen



of palmistry. Hayraddin, the danger which threatens me lies on the right bank of the river—I will avoid it by travelling to Liege on the left bank.”

The guide listened with an apathy, which, knowing the circumstances in which Hayraddin stood, Quentin could not by any means comprehend.

“If you accomplish your purpose,” was the Bohemian’s reply, “the dangerous crisis will be transferred from your lot to mine.”

“I thought,” said Quentin, “that you said but now, that you could not presage your own fortune?”

“Not in the manner in which I have but now told you yours,” answered Hayraddin; but it requires little knowledge of Louis of Valois, to presage that he will hang your guide, because your pleasure was to deviate from the road which he recommended.”

“The attaining with safety the purpose of the journey, and ensuring its happy termination,” said Quentin, “must atone for a deviation from the exact line of the prescribed route.”

“Ay,” replied the Bohemian, “if you are sure that the King thought of the same termination of the pilgrimage which he insinuated to you.”

“And of what other termination is it possible that he could have been meditating? or why



should you suppose he had any purpose in his thought, other than was avowed in his direction?" answered Quentin.

"Simply," replied the Zingaro, "that those who know aught of the Most Christian King, are aware, that the purpose about which he seems most anxious, is always that which he is least willing to declare. Let our gracious Louis send twelve embassies, and I will forfeit my neck to the gallows a year before it is due, if in eleven of them there is not something at the bottom of the ink-horn more than the pen has written in the letters of credence."

"I regard not your foul suspicions," replied Quentin; "my duty is plain and peremptory — to convey these ladies in safety to Liege; and I take it on me to think that I best discharge that duty in changing our prescribed route, and keeping the left side of the river Maes. It is likewise the direct road to Liege. By crossing the river, we should lose time, and incur fatigue, to no purpose — Wherefore should we do so?"

"Only because pilgrims, as they call themselves, destined for Cologne," said Hayraddin, "do not usually descend the Maes so low as Liege; and that the route of the ladies will be accounted contradictory of their professed destination."

"If we are challenged on that account," said



Quentin, "we will say that alarms of the wicked Duke of Gueldres, or of William de la Marck, or of the *Ecorcheurs* and Lanknechts, on the right side of the river, justifies our holding by the left, instead of our intended route."

"As you will, my good seignor," replied the Bohemian — "I am, for my part, equally ready to guide you down the left as down the right side of the Maes — Your excuse to your master you must make out for yourself."

Quentin, although rather surprised, was, at the same time, delighted with the ready, or at least the unrepugnant acquiescence of Hayraddin in their change of route, for he needed his assistance as a guide, and yet had feared that the disconcerting of his intended act of treachery would have driven him to extremity. Besides, to expel the Bohemian from their society, would have been the ready mode to bring down William de la Marck, with whom he was in correspondence, upon their intended route; whereas, while with them, Quentin thought he could manage to prevent Hayraddin having any communication with strangers, unless he was himself aware of it.

Leaving off, therefore, all thoughts of their original route, the little party followed that by the left bank of the broad Maes, so speedily and successfully, that the next day early brought them to the purposed end of their journey. They



found that the Bishop of Liege, for the sake of his health, as he himself alleged, but rather, perhaps, to avoid being surprised by the numerous and mutinous population of the city, had established his residence in his beautiful Castle of Schonwaldt, about a mile without Liege.

Just as they approached the Castle, they saw the Prelate returning in long procession from the neighbouring city, in which he had been officiating at the performance of High Mass. He was at the head of a splendid train of religious, civil, and military men, mingled together, or, as the old ballad-maker expresses it,

“With many a cross-bearer before,  
And many a spear behind.”

The procession made a noble appearance, as, winding along the verdant banks of the broad Maes, it wheeled into, and was as it were devoured by, the huge Gothic portal of the Episcopal residence.

But when the party came more near, they found that circumstances around the Castle argued a doubt and sense of insecurity, which contradicted that display of pomp and power which they had just witnessed. Strong guards of the Bishop's soldiers were heedfully maintained all around the mansion and its immediate vic-



nity, and the prevailing appearances in an ecclesiastical court, seemed to argue a sense of danger in the reverend Prelate, who found it necessary thus to surround himself with all the defensive precautions of war. The Ladies of Croye, when announced by Quentin, were reverently ushered into the great Hall, where they met with the most cordial reception from the Bishop, who met them there at the head of his little court. He would not permit them to kiss his hand, but welcomed them with a salute, which had something in it of gallantry on the part of a prince to fine women, and something also of the holy affection of a pastor to the sisters of his flock.

Louis of Bourbon, the reigning Bishop of Liege, was in truth a generous and a kind hearted prince; whose life had not indeed been always confined, with precise strictness, within the bounds of his clerical character; but who, notwithstanding, had uniformly maintained the frank and honourable character of the House of Bourbon, from which he was descended.

In latter times, as age advanced, the Prelate had adopted a life more becoming a member of the hierarchy than his early reign had exhibited, and was loved among the neighbouring princes, as a noble ecclesiastic, generous and magnificent in his ordinary mode of life, though preserving no very severe rectitude of character, and govern-



ing with an easy indifference, which, amid his wealthy and mutinous subjects, rather encouraged than subdued rebellious purposes.

The Bishop was so fast an ally of the Duke of Burgundy, that the latter claimed almost a joint sovereignty in his bishopric, and repaid the good-natured ease with which the Prelate admitted claims which he might easily have disputed, by taking his part on all occasions, with the determined and furious zeal which was a part of his character. He used to say, he considered Liege as his own, the Bishop as his brother, (indeed they might be accounted such, in consequence of the Duke having married, to his first wife, the Bishop's sister,) and that he who annoyed Louis of Bourbon, had to do with Charles of Burgundy; a threat which, considering the character and the power of the prince who used it, would have been powerful with any but the rich and discontented city of Liege, where much wealth had, according to the ancient proverb, made wit waver.

The Prelate, as we have said, assured the Ladies of Croye of such intercession as his interest at the court of Burgundy, used to the uttermost, might gain for them, and which, he hoped, might be the more effectual, as Campo-Basso, from some late discoveries, stood rather lower than formerly in the Duke's personal favour.



He promised them also such protection as it was in his power to afford; but the sigh with which he gave the warrant, seemed to allow that his power was more precarious than in words he was willing to admit.

“At every event, my dearest daughters,” said the Bishop, with an air in which, as in his previous salute, a mixture of spiritual unction qualified the hereditary gallantry of the House of Bourbon, “Heaven forbid I should abandon the lamb to the wicked wolf, or noble ladies to the oppression of faitours. I am a man of peace, though my abode now rings with arms; but be assured I will care for your safety as for my own, and should matters become yet more distracted here, which, with our Lady’s grace, we trust will be rather pacified than inflamed, we will provide for your safe-conduct to Germany; for not even the will of our brother and protector, Charles of Burgundy, shall prevail with us to dispose of you in any respect contrary to your own inclinations. We cannot comply with your request of sending you to a convent; for alas! such is the influence of the sons of Belial among the inhabitants of Liege, that we know no retreat to which our authority extends, beyond the bounds of our own castle, and the protection of our soldiery. But here you are most welcome, and your train shall have



all honourable entertainment; especially this youth, whom you recommend so particularly to our countenance, and on whom we bestow our blessing."

Quentin kneeled, as in duty bound, to receive the Episcopal benediction.

"For yourselves," proceeded the good Prelate, "you shall reside here with my sister Isabella, a Canoness of Triers, and with whom you may dwell in all honour, even under the roof of so gay a bachelor as the Bishop of Liege."

He gallantly conducted the ladies to his sister's apartment, as he concluded the harangue of welcome; and his Master of the Household, an officer, who, having taken Deacon's orders, held something between a secular and ecclesiastical character, entertained Quentin with the hospitality which his master enjoined, while the other personages of the retinue of the Ladies of Croye were committed to the inferior departments.

In this arrangement Quentin could not help remarking, that the presence of the Bohemian, so much objected to in country convents, seemed, in the household of this wealthy, and perhaps we might say worldly prelate, to attract neither objection nor remark.

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